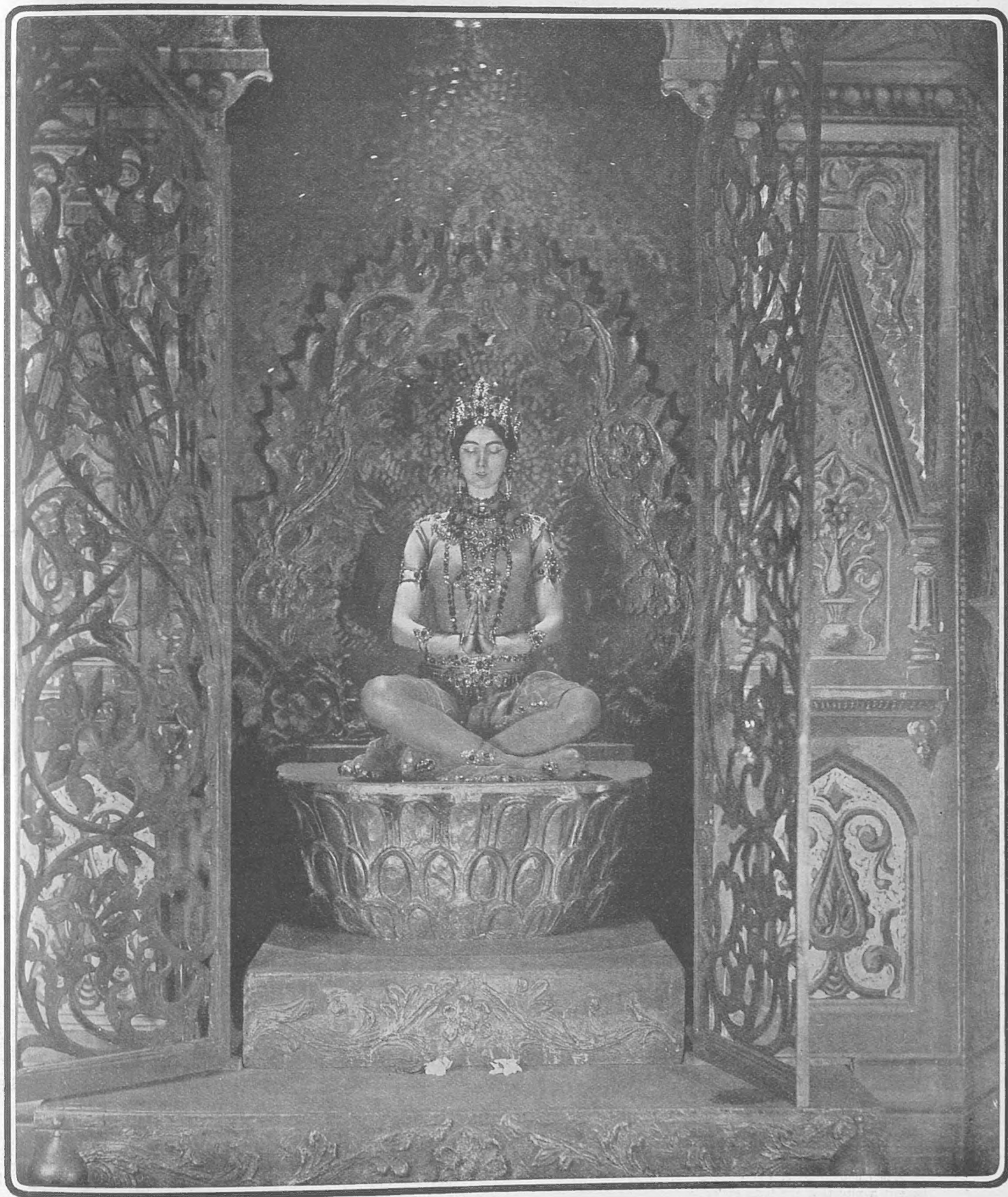


The Sketch

No. 822.—Vol. LXIV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1908.

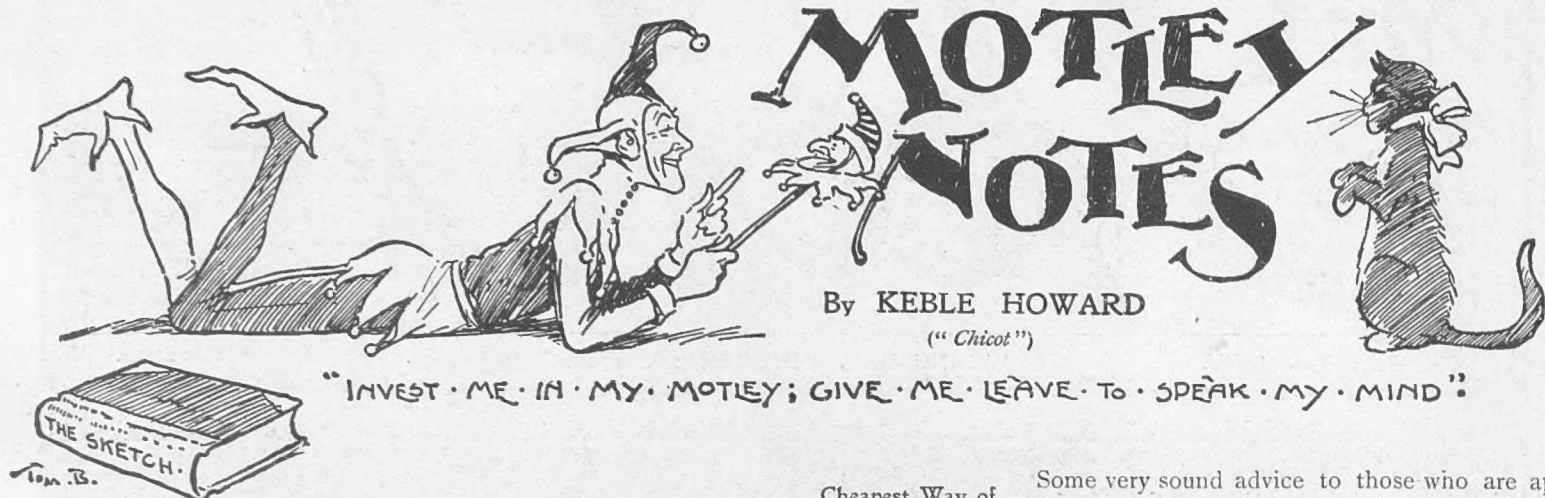
SIXPENCE.



"PILING ON THE ATMOSPHERE": MISS RUTH ST. DENIS AS THE IMAGE OF RADHA, WIFE OF KRISHNA, AN INCARNATION OF VISHNU.

Miss Ruth St. Denis, who is appearing at the Scala, is here shown as an idol of Radha, wife of Krishna, son of Devaki, an incarnation of Vishnu. In Hindoo mythology, Vishnu, Brahma, and Siva form the trinity, and the greatest of these is Vishnu, the Preserver. According to the Hindoo belief, Vishnu descends to earth when things are wrong with the world and sets matters right, taking the form of some remarkable animal or of a superman—on occasion, even, being born as man. Miss St. Denis is meeting with much success, and is certainly doing her best to prove the statement she made to an interviewer that she believed in "piling on the atmosphere."

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



Pathos in the Letter-Box.

A very pathetic letter appeared last week in one of my daily papers. It was signed "An Old Joker," and ran as follows: "Sir,—What has become of our humorous writers? Are they all Scotsmen, have they all emigrated, or are they among the unemployed? I used to be able to laugh at the jokes in my favourite weekly, but now I can only weep at the attempts of the authors and artists. If you know what has become of the race of wits, pray inform us and brighten these dull times." My heart aches for this melancholy "Old Joker." I see him sitting in his chimney-corner, his bony old body shaken with sobs, and his tears streaming unchecked on to this page and spoiling the picture on the other side. I can see him holding one of Mr. Hassall's drawings at every possible angle, and at last throwing himself face downwards upon his bed in sheer despair of ever understanding what it means. It is a terrible thing for an "old joker" when he can no longer laugh. Most "old jokers," you may have observed, laugh more easily than the young jokers. They know the very worst of life; there is nothing to surprise them; their eyes are quite clear as to their own unimportance in the general scheme. But it seems that this particular "Old Joker" is one of the unfortunate ones, and still expects to be taken by the hand and led to see impossible wonders. Yes, my heart bleeds for him.

Tyranny of the Hat.

I learn from a ladies' journal that "the reign of the tall girl is not over, but the little woman is coming into her own again. There is a growing request for her, because the fashion of the moment in hats tends to give her a diminutive appearance which is positively fascinating." I am not sure that this statement will afford unmixed pleasure to the little women. It is not very flattering to be taken up and made a fuss of because your size happens to suit a particular fashion in hats. The hat is becoming a tyrant instead of a slave. It seems that women must be made to suit the hat, whereas, in other days, it was thought a good enough idea to make the hat to suit the woman. Carry the notion a little further, and it is obvious that a hat by itself is more beautiful than a hat with a head in it. Occasionally, I admit, I have sympathised with the hat, but we must not allow it too much license. The day may yet come when a hat will hire a small dog or a rabbit to walk under it, the dog or rabbit being entirely concealed.

A Terror for 'Er Size.

It may be a rash thing to say—a poor humour of mine, Sir, to say that no man else will—but I don't think there was ever any such occurrence as the "reign of the tall girl." The tall girl may be more ornamental than the short girl, though that is a point upon which much eloquence has been spent, and the tall girl may win more admiration than the short girl—I say "may." But it is the little women, without a doubt, who run the universe. You remember, of course, Mr. Gus Elen's famous song—

It's a grite big shime, an' ef she belonged ter me
Ah'd let 'er know 'oo's 'oo,
Puttin' on a feller what is six-foot-three,
An' 'er not four-foot-two!
They 'adn't bin married not a monf or more,
When underneaf 'er fumb goes Jim;
Isn't it a pity that the likes of 'er
Shud put upon the likes of 'im!

It was the truth of the theme that made the success of the song. All men are afraid of little women. They recognise their adroitness, their pertinacity, their courage. If Eve had been a little woman, she would never have allowed the Garden of Eden to go out of the Adam family.

Cheapest Way of Killing Boredom.

Some very sound advice to those who are apt to be bored is given by a writer in the *Woman Worker*. Here is the pith of it: "So many people hang up their pictures, and that's the end of it. They never dream of changing them about. Now, that seems a pity. If you live in the same rooms year after year, and see the same pictures in the same places, you end by not seeing them at all." And the advice with regard to pictures may be applied with equal truth to furniture. Once a month, at least, you should rearrange your rooms throughout the house. Directly you feel that you want a change, instead of listlessly turning over the pages of the railway-guide, just catch hold of the bed and push it from the corner to the middle of the room, or from the middle of the room to the corner. Then go downstairs and put all the drawing-room furniture into the dining-room, and the dining-room furniture into the drawing-room. When it is all done, you will feel as exhilarated as though you had just returned from a week at the seaside. When your husband comes home, he won't know where to find anything, and then you will have a merry laugh at his expense. When he goes into his study and finds that it has been neatly converted into a scullery, ten to one that he will join in the merriment himself.

Under-Seas Grievance.

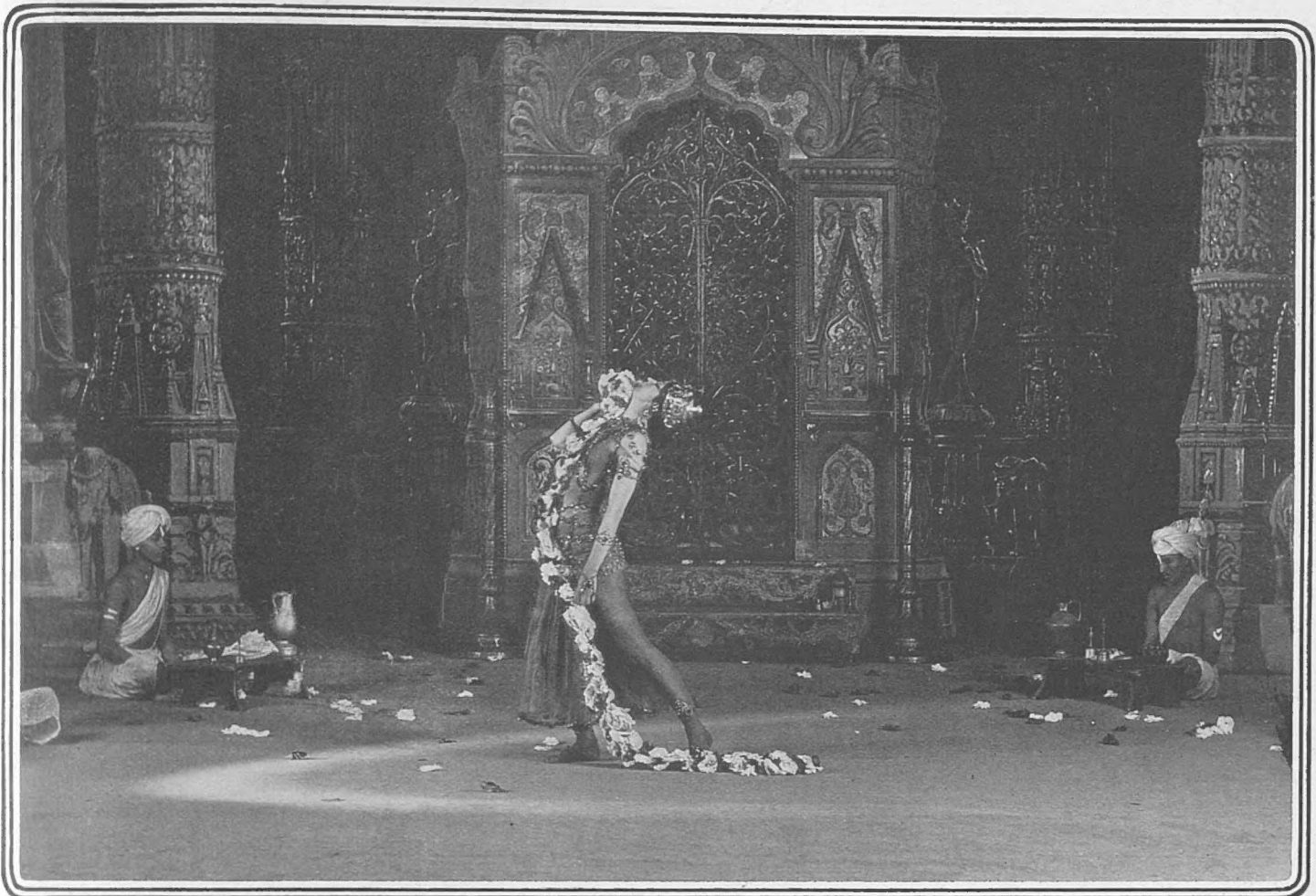
Considerable uneasiness is being caused in the animal world by the recent inventions of that section known as Man. On cliffs, house-tops, and in clumps of trees, indignation meetings have been held all over the civilised portions of the globe to protest against the operations of Mr. Wilbur Wright and the publicity that is given to these operations in the daily Press, thus encouraging others to invade a domain in which they have no foothold. The quadruped kingdom allied itself, to a reasonable extent, with its feathered brethren in this matter, but the deputation that waited upon the Sea and River department returned in a ruffled condition. Briefly, it bore the message that the Fish were kept sufficiently busy avoiding large steamers and torpedoes; that anything tending to lessen this sort of traffic would be heartily welcomed. This selfish attitude has been swiftly avenged. A Norwegian inventor has devised an instrument called a microphone, which may be immersed in the sea and connected by wires with fishing-boats. "The approach of a shoal of fish can be detected with certainty, and each kind of fish makes a distinctive sound in its motion through the water." Flat-fish, indeed, give themselves away in a moment. Rotten luck, isn't it?

Plea for Fat Fireman.

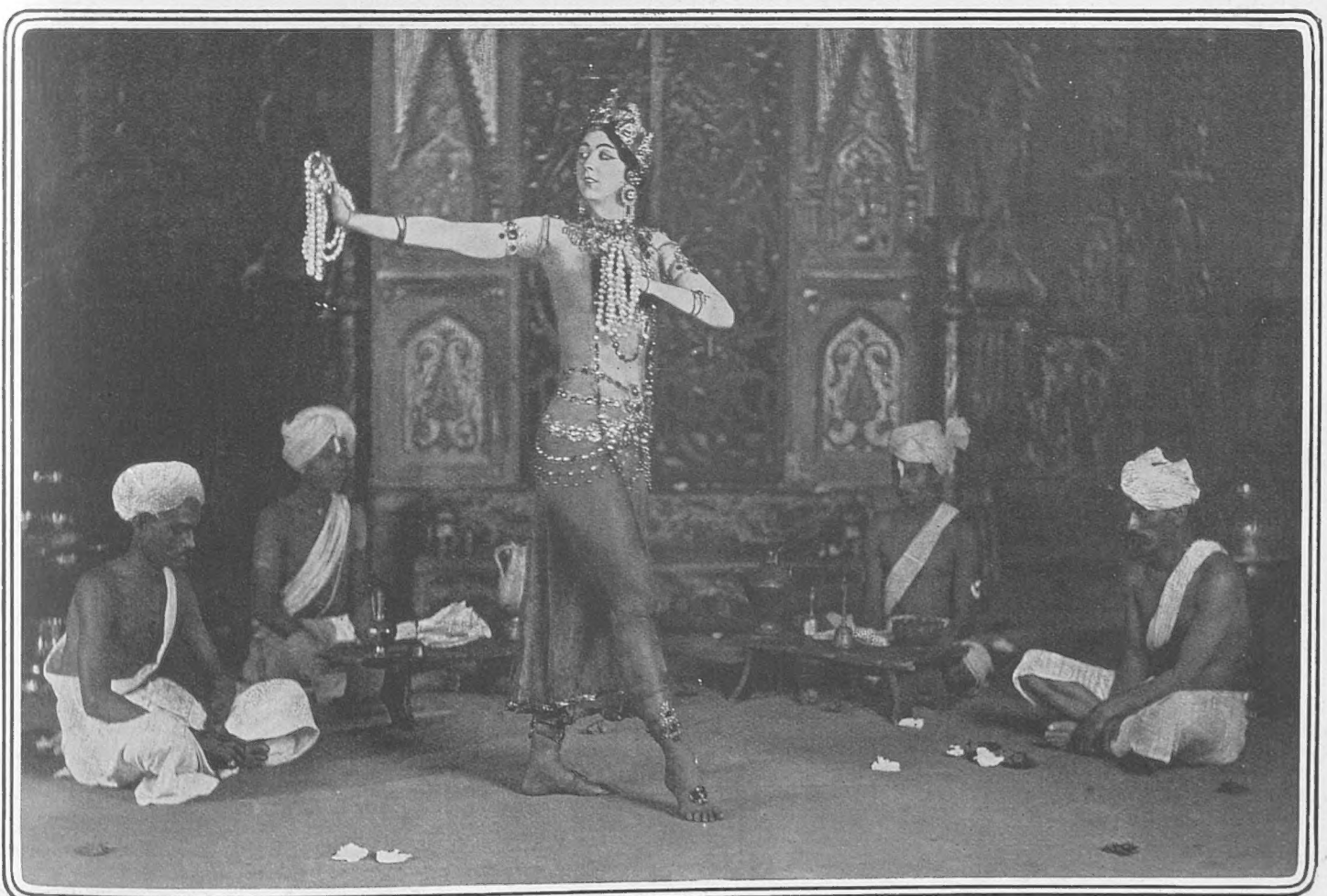
I am sorry to hear that there is trouble in the London Fire Brigade. It seems that certain members have been refused promotion on the ground that they are too fat. Of course, I do not pretend to expert knowledge in the matter, but it seems to me, as a member of the public depending for nightly sleep on the efficiency of the Fire Brigade, that a fat fireman is just as good as a thin one. Fat men, everybody knows, are often lighter on their feet than thin men. A fat fireman would be up a ladder and down again whilst his thin mate was thinking about the job. Again, if it were ever your lot, as I hope it never may be, to be thrown from a top-floor window, would you rather land on a thin fireman or a fat one? Here, I think, the fat malcontents have a very strong argument in favour of their promotion. As they point out, they cannot help getting fat. Unless there happens to be a fire or a false alarm, they have to sit indoors and play Nap. Policemen whose duty lies in picture-galleries and museums and cathedrals complain of the same thing. You must have noticed how fat the poor fellows get, many of them being compelled to climb over the turnstiles on going to work in the morning. In cases of this kind, the authorities should look all round.

"DOING THE THING PROUD": "THE DANCE OF THE FIVE SENSES"

MISS RUTH ST. DENIS IN ONE OF HER REMARKABLE CREATIONS AT THE SCALA.



"SMELL," IN "THE DANCE OF THE FIVE SENSES."



"SIGHT," IN "THE DANCE OF THE FIVE SENSES."

Miss St. Denis, to use her own words, is "doing things proud" at the Scala, and is meeting with great success. "The Dance of the Five Senses" is intended to show that "the gratification of the senses leads to unfulfilment and despair, and only through their renunciation does the soul arrive at peace." Miss St. Denis is an American.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.

IMMORTALISED BY "MAX"—AND MAXIMS.

By courtesy of the editor of the "Saturday Review," we are enabled to reprint from the current issue of his paper these extracts from Mr. Max Beerbohm's article on Miss Christabel Pankhurst.

I WAS reading lately in the *New Quarterly Review* an essay on the superiority of law-courts to theatres as places of amusement. And I found a shining instance of this truth last Wednesday morning, in the bleak, very Early-Victorian precincts of the Bow Street police-court. There, at the centre, penned, but gloriously unhampered, in the dock (that dock which is so like a miniature railway-bridge), a very young lady, in a white frock, sunnily sped the hours in a fashion that no mere actress, no mere playwright, could ever achieve for us.

About the legal aspect of the case against her I must, of course, say nothing. Nor am I tempted to say anything. I hold no brief for the Suffragist ladies: Miss Pankhurst holds the brief too well for competition. Nor do I hold a brief against them. . . .

Invariably, solemnly, after every violent demonstration, such newspapers as are hostile to the cause declare that these ladies are "actuated solely by motives of self-advertisement." . . . Mere desire for advertisement may set you in motion, but it certainly will not carry you very far. It will not, for example, carry you so far as the police-station. It is nice to be a martyr, no doubt; but it is much nicer not to be one. And when you have your choice of being, or not being, martyred, you will martyr yourself only if you have some sort of a strong faith to sustain you. . . . Miss Pankhurst may, for all I know, be as vain as most of us. So may Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Drummond, her dock-mates. Obviously, too, she enjoys the conduct of her case. Indeed, her joyousness is one of the secrets of her charm. But the price she may have presently to pay is not one which she would risk if she were not also very thoroughly and unselfishly in earnest.

And so, when I say she is a most accomplished comedian, do not suspect me of a cheap sneer. That description is but a part of the truth about her. But it is the part with which I, as a dramatic critic, am mainly concerned. She has all the qualities which an actress

needs, and of which so few actresses have any. Her voice is charmingly melodious, and the art with which she manages it seems hardly compatible with its still childish ring. And her face, still childish too, is as vivid and as variable as her voice, whose inflexions have always their parallel in her eyes and mouth. And not there merely. Her whole body is alive with her every meaning; and, if you can imagine a very graceful rhythmic dance done by a dancer who moves

not her feet, you will have some idea of Miss Pankhurst's method. As she stood there with a rustling sheaf of notes in one hand, her other hand did the work of twenty average hands. But "work" is a dull term for those lively arabesques with which she adorned the air of the police-court, so eagerly and blithely, turning everything to favour and to prettiness. I am told she is great at the mass-meetings in Hyde Park; but I doubt whether her effect can be so delightful there. A setting of

trees and grass would strike no contrast to her freshness. But put the wood-nymph in the dock of the police-court, and her effect is quite wonderful. . . . No; that is a misleading image. The wood-nymph would be shy, uncomfortable; whereas Miss Pankhurst in her barred pen seemed as comfortable and as self-possessed as Mr. Curtis Bennett on the bench. . . .

Mr. Lloyd George did not seem at all as though he had been born in a witness-box. His Keltic fire burned very low, and the contrast between the buoyancy of the girl and the depression of the statesman was almost painful. Youth and an ideal, on the one hand; and, on the other, middle age and no illusions left over. Mr. Herbert Gladstone's more stolid nature has borne up better under the weight of political and official life; and he seemed more capable of coping with Miss Pankhurst. But even for him one would

have felt sorry had she been at all aggressive, had she made any unlovely use of her advantage. As it was, her manner was perfect. To both statesmen she behaved as one admitting the humour of the situation. . . .



MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

Miss Pankhurst won much commendation for the way in which she conducted the case for the defence, when her mother, Mrs. Drummond, and herself were brought up at Bow Street in connection with the attempt to "rush" the House of Commons, and her examination of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Herbert Gladstone was exceedingly able. For all her pleading, however, Mr. Curtis Bennett decided against her. All three defendants have gone to prison rather than agree to keep the peace—Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. Pankhurst for three months, Miss Pankhurst for ten weeks.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

BELLES — AND — BEAUX — OF — BRITTANY.



"THE BELLE OF BRITTANY,"
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2. MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS BAPTISTE BOUBILLON.

3. MISS LILY IRIS AS MLE. DENISE DE LA VIRE.

4. MISS MAUDI DARRELL AS TOINETTE.

5. MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS THE MARQUIS DE ST. GAUTIER, WITH HIS POSTILLIONS, LUCILLE AND MIQUETTE (THE MISSES BLANCHE STOCKER AND CORA CAREY).

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

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WHAT is life? Eh? Well, life is the art of forgettin' that being born is the worst thing that can happen to us. I ask you this question, and give you the one and only answer, because I am not frightfully cheery. As a rule, I don't discuss life. I don't think it's decent. But when a joker—I mean the right sort of joker—ain't frightfully cheery, it's dashed extraordinary odd what curious things he will discuss. What? Take

a case. There's a man in Ireland who only don't hunt every day of the week because he wants one on which to secco-tine himself together. So long as there's no frost, his happiness is elephantine and megaphonic, so to speak. Comes a frost, and because he can't read very well—his were the best schools—and only possesses a billiard-table with three legs, that's been made into the roof of a chicken-run—and I don't wonder—he sits and mopes. And what do you think he talks about? Love, b'Jove!

Very well, then. Tangenting over, back again to dear old Bee. What? The reason that I'm not fearfully cheery to-day is just this. I'm being paid out for committin' a most foolish mistake. Followin' my old-established rule, I left the fallin' leaf, the cracklin' twig, the spodgy earth, and the coughin' sheep to the infinitely tiresome enthusiastic golf joker, put in the usual paragraph in the *Mornin' Post* announcin' the all-important fact that dear old Bee had returned to town, and—hang on to this—duly returned. And there you have it. There you break the bottle and ring the bell. Like the swallow who packed up his little trunk and left this country in filthy September, I did ditto, and we've both missed an Augustian October. I like the sun. It's deuced good for uric acid. I'm annoyed at coming to London, because in London the warmth of the sun is left on top of the smoke. But I'm most annoyed at coming to London, because nobody else came, d'y'see, and I left my free meals in the country. Do you see my predicament? Instead of bein' welcomed with open arms and a delightful aroma of caviare by a round of round hostesses, b'Jove and b'George, the town's still empty, and Bee is paying for his own seeds. What I want to say about it I won't. Do you follow me?

All the same, these solitary hours of mine, expensive as they are, have a certain charm. I mean, I've been able to do several really kind and generous deeds. I've taken my usual walks in one or two new and epoch-makin' things, just for all the world as I should have done if the town were full, and so,

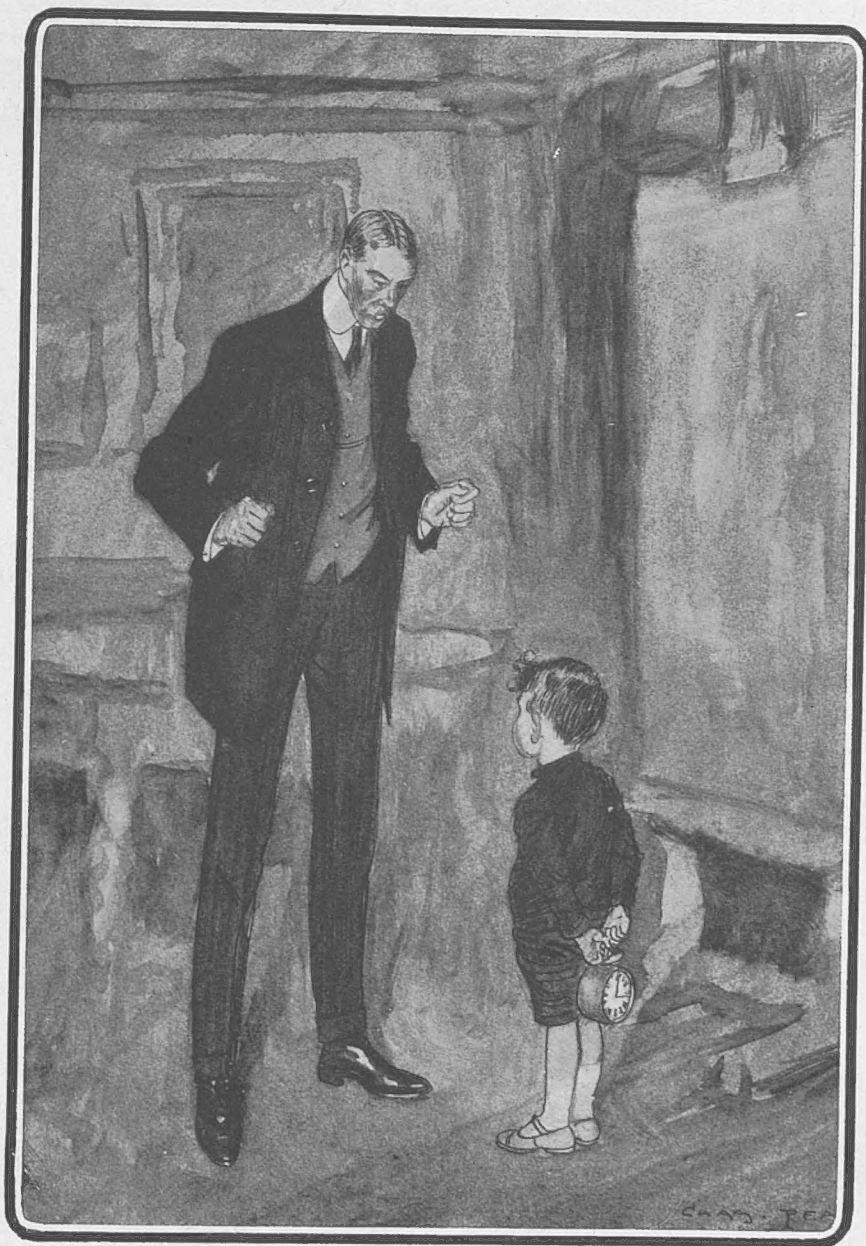
of course, the people from the country, poor beggars, have had some unexpectedly happy and surprised moments. Then, too, as an impromptu hobby, I've been studyin' the country joker and his wife. Oh, good fun, ripe fun! It's delighted me to see the Little Yokelton blood, up to do the theatres from the Métropole, peacockin' in Piccadilly. I was standin' at the top of St. James's Street for ten minutes, with my back to that new, white, impertinent commercial palace, tryin' to

imagine that the old, dear, dirty buildin' of my hefty youth and my father's youth was still there—why can't the City gent stick to the City and leave us alone?—and I counted fourteen of 'em, all in that green dump thing with a feather at the back that fell still-born from the self-respecting counter and became the last word in semi-society. What? It's called, they tell me, the Marienbad. No doubt it did. It ought to be called Le Touquet, the Dinard of Bayswater.

The Little Yokelton blood's missus, too, b'Jove! What? Directoire dress, of sorts, and Directoire hat, of sorts; but the face Little Yokelton. Ah! that's where Englishwomen, even civilised Englishwomen, fail. They pile a period on their backs and leave their faces modern. I mean no artistic woman would dream of being seen in public with a naked face. It's the first thing she dresses. In order to look right a woman, these days, must look wrong. What? It's like this: fashions are started by the Paris demi-monde. Why continue?

But, to hark back to those new, gigantic, blazin' buildings that are pushin' through everywhere in London. What? What's the idea? What's the notion? Is it to give work to the unemployed that they are run up, just to go into bankruptcy? Hardly, because, d'y'see,

the unemployed won't work, and couldn't work if they would. I notice in my walks that it's generally a Benevolent Society that starts it. It buys up a dozen ripe old buildings, hideously picturesque, and puts a screen round 'em, as though it were going to give 'em a turn of vibro-massage. Then, havin' noticed this and sighed—or cursed, as the case may be—you pass on and continue as before. The next day, or the day after the next day, apparently—Time's the only really punctual thing I know—you pass again. Hoardin' down and away, old ripe buildings no longer shock and delight; a blatant, white, many-windowed, lots-of-wrought-ironed, monstrous great place reigns in their stead. See what I mean? Well, street, quâ street, done for, and goodness knows how many widows and orphans also. It's all part and parcel of the game, I suppose. Bricks and Bluff. What?



TOMMY (who has looted the kitchen clock): Papa, do you know where the tin-opener is?

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



THE CLUBMAN

PIGTAILS AND HOW THEY ARE MADE—THE PIGTAIL CODE—CHINESE HOLIDAYS—"SCAMP"—JAPANESE QUEUES—
HUSSARS' LOVE-LOCKS A GUARD AGAINST SWORD-CUTS.

THE Chinese in Hong-Kong and the Straits Settlements are cutting off their pigtails, and celebrating this curtailment with much ceremony and some feasting. The better class of Chinese have been very conservative as to the pigtail, even under British rule. When I was quartered in the Straits Settlements, the son of one of the richest Chinese merchants, who had been sent to England to be educated, returned thence with his hair cropped in British fashion, and with a fine wardrobe of British clothes. His father had invited all his friends to a succession of feasts to welcome the youth home, but when he saw the appearance of his heir's head he countermanded all the dinners and sent excuses to his friends. His son he banished to some very disagreeable spot on the mainland where he had a factory, ordering him to remain there until his hair had grown long enough for a pigtail to be plaited into it again.

A pigtail is not by any means all hair. The lower portion of it is of silk braid, and the hair and the silk are plaited together. The pigtail is made to signify certain emotions. When the silk portion of it is white it is a sign that the wearer is in great grief. To wear the pigtail coiled round the head in the presence of a superior is to be intentionally impudent. If a Chinese servant is sweeping out a room and his master enters he immediately uncoils his pigtail, which he has wound round his head so that it shall be out of the way, and allows it to hang down his back. If he does not, he is either under the influence of rice-spirit or wishes to be sent about his business. If it is the Chinese New Year, the cause of the uncoiled pigtail is generally Sam-shu; at any other period of the year it is probably "cheek."

Only once a year does a Chinaman make holiday—on the occasion of the Chinese New Year—and then he does no work for a week, eats much pork and duck and sticky sweet-stuff, and frequently drinks more fire-water than is good for him. I once had as a body-servant a Chinaman who was a compendium of all the virtues required in a valet. He always knew what I was thinking about, and used to anticipate my wishes; he allowed nobody else to rob me, and only robbed me himself on the lowest scale. He never seemed to require sleep, and was strictly sober, except occasionally at the time of the New Year. He was very truthful, sometimes unnecessarily so. His name, given him by some master who found his Chinese patronymic too difficult to pronounce, was Scamp—no doubt awarded him on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle.

One day, at New Year's time, I went into my room to dress for dinner, and found Scamp putting out my evening clothes, but lurching about as though he were on a ship in a gale. "Go away, Scamp, and lie down, and don't go anywhere near the Mess. You are ill," I said, wishing to save him from the very disagreeable interview he would have had with the Mess Sergeant if he had presented himself to wait at dinner. Scamp drew himself up. He thought I had diagnosed his case wrongly, and he was not willing to allow me to be under a misapprehension. "Scamp no belong sick," he said; "Scamp belong dlunk."

To return, however, to the pigtail, that badge of servitude which the Manchu conquerors imposed on the conquered Chinese. The Japanese, in the years when I used to go every summer to Japan for three months, were just getting rid of their pigtails, for though the queue they wore was brought forward over the head and then doubled back, it was a pigtail all the same. Why the Japanese adopted the extraordinary

coiffure of old Japan I have never heard. It was not a sign of servitude, for Japan is one of the few nations in the world that can truthfully say that it has never been conquered; it cannot have been a protection from the sun, as the great chignon of the Cingalese is, and it hardly covers enough of the head to be a protection against a sword-cut.

The European pig-tails, those worn by the Hungarian Hussars, and adopted by some of the Hussar regiments of the Great Napoleon, hung down as two prolonged love-locks on either side of the face. They gave the moustached warriors—for a Hussar, even in the days of clean-shaved armies, was always allowed to wear a moustache—a fascinating appearance, and they were a far better protection against a slit windpipe than any gorget ever fashioned. The great strands of plaited hair stopped any cut of the light curved swords which were the light cavalry weapon of the Napoleonic days. The Hussars were the first branch of the British Service to wear moustaches. When the Light Dragoons were converted into Hussars, just before the Crimean War, all the converted regiments began to grow moustaches. One Colonel of Light Dragoons, who had been to London to learn whether his regiment

was to remain a Dragoon one or to become a Hussar one, returned to the regimental mess with a moustache of crêpe hair stuck on his upper lip, thus announcing that he was now a Colonel of Hussars, and not of Dragoons.



THE MOST ARRESTING MOMENT OF HER CAREER: THE NEW TOY—THE POLICE REMOVING A SUFFRAGETTE.

Photograph by Hamilton.



A BREACH OF ETIQUETTE: TYROLESE PEASANT WOMEN IN THEIR EVERYDAY DRESS.

(See "Our Wonderful World.") Photograph by Trampus.

A BREACH OF ETIQUETTE: EVE AS ADAM.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!")



WORKERS ON A FARM.



TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

MASCULINE MODES FOR WOMEN: PEASANT GIRLS IN A CURIOUS COSTUME.

Peasant women wearing this costume may be seen in the Austrian Tyrol, in the lower valley of the Inn.

Photographs by Charles Trampus.



MISS JOSEPHA MARGARET DONALDSON, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. BERTRAM J. WALKER.

Miss Donaldson is the youngest daughter of Sir George Donaldson, of Watlingbury Place, Kent. Mr. Walker is the son of Captain Gerald Walker, of New Lodge, Berkhamsted, late of the 15th Hussars.

Photograph by Lafayette.

the baby face, "how he must hate his biographers!"

The Jam as a Preserve. Ranjitsinhji, prince of cricketers, a little startled some of his hearers by the political allusions of his last speech in England. And his first speech also produced an even greater consternation. He had played all day; and the white man, not thinking that he knew English, referred to him on the field as "that black beggar." Ranji made no

SMALL TALK

At a very smart tea-table, the other afternoon, somebody who had just read the Whistler biography remarked on the strange anger of the Master with Mr. Menpes because the disciple followed his lead in yellows. "And did Whistler like whitewash?" asked an apparently innocent young person. "Oh, yes," the cry came in chorus. "Then," said she of

Short-Coated. There is a garment against which many men have a grudge, if only for its epicene name—the frock-coat. Now that women have asserted their own share in the thing and wear something very near it, with tails behind, men who dislike it may very well doff what their sisters so becomingly don. This seems to be the case with Lord Cecil Manners,



MISS GLADYS WHATFORD, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. HOME PEEL, OF THE INDIA OFFICE.

Miss Whatford is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Whatford, of Linkwood, Eastbourne. Mr. Home Peel, who is in the India Office, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peel, of Sunningfield, Ascot.

Photograph by Lafayette.

whose six-feet-four give special prominence to the costume with which he has begun the season—a morning-jacket worn with a high-hat.

Sour Grapes. One or two of our legislators, whose names I am not going to post to their constituents, have been lingering in Rome; and there, while their comrades have been discussing the Licensing Bill, they have seen grapes sold to a temperate population at two pounds for a penny, and wine at



CAPTAIN BARTON AND MRS. BARTON (FORMERLY MISS DE HAMEL), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell.

sign; but that evening he rose and made a speech in fluent English. No further reproach was either needed or given. The Prince has made an enormous number of purchases before his departure for his kingdom; and every tradesman has done his best to secure the Jam as his own exclusive Preserve.

A Sussex Paradise. West Dean Park is a delightful place for the King to stay at—but Petworth! The eyes of Sussex men brighten at the mere mention of the name. The house itself is noteworthy,

twopence a quart! At Westminster there is a great deal of indignation among the foxes that their fellows should stay so long away.

"Encore!" Good-nature is the "note" of Mme. Adelina Patti, as it is also of other, though not quite all, famous musicians. The Baroness Cederström has said and sung good-bye to the boards over which she flitted so prettily to the footlights; but if she is no longer of the profession, she yet retains the generous profession's infinite pleasure in bringing to others some share



MRS. ROSSLYN BRUCE (FORMERLY MISS RACHEL GURNEY), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Miss Gurney is one of the Norfolk Gurneys, and daughter of the late Mr. Richard Gurney, of Northrepps Hall.—[Photograph by Gabbell.]

apart from the glories of its furniture, its library, its pictures, its Sèvres, and its glorious park set about with a wall longer than that of Hatfield. The Leconfields and their forebears, the Egremonts, have been worthy custodians of the place, and the hospitality shown in its halls to the painters of the Early Victorian era, as well as to their works, makes us wish only the more that they had—painted better! The Petworth of Wilkie and Leslie and Haydon, and the Petworth of a King, is also the Petworth of a poet; for there Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was born—a native as well as a nephew of the house.



THE REV. ROSSLYN BRUCE, D.D., WHO WAS MARRIED TO MISS RACHEL GURNEY LAST WEEK.

Dr. Bruce is the Rector of Clifton, Nottingham.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

of the fortune brought to herself by her beautiful voice. On the vigil of the discordant feast of Guy Fawkes she will sing in the Albert Hall, in order that some of the poor children of London may be the better clothed and better fed. By the calendar the Baroness is I forget how old, or, as it ought to be phrased in her case, how young. But hers is the luck to have retained the child's heart. She will clap her hands with delight over a new dish (her foods are all of white meats, as her drinks are of white wines); but, impetuous in her griefs as in her joys, she lately spent a whole day in tears over the death of an old servant.

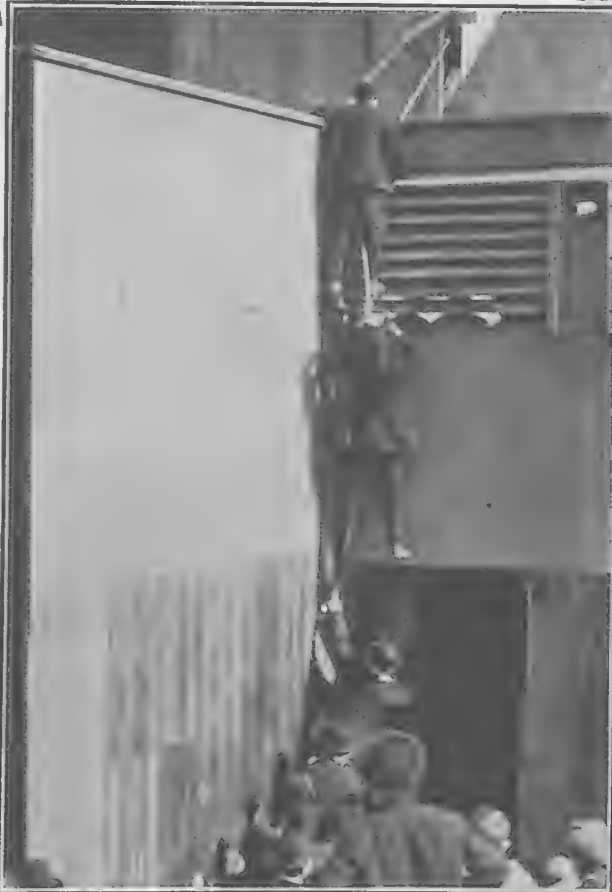


BRIGADIER-GENERAL ERIC SWAYNE AND MRS. SWAYNE (FORMERLY MRS. PEACH), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE THIS MONTH.

Brigadier-General Eric Swayne has been Governor of British Honduras for the past three years. He is an expert on Somaliland, and was for a time Commissioner and Consul-General for the Somali Coast Protectorate. Mrs. Swayne is the elder of Sir Thomas Holdich's daughters. Her first husband, who died some six years ago, was Major Edmund Peach.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry and Lafayette.

FREE LOVE — OF FREE SPORT : A MUCH ELEVATED GALLERY.



IMPROMPTU GRAND STANDS: ENTHUSIASTS MAKING STRENUOUS ENDEAVOURS TO SEE
A BASEBALL MATCH FOR NOTHING.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



A DESCENDANT OF NAPOLEON
BONAPARTE: MME. PERELLI.

Mme. Perelli, who is well known as a dramatic soprano, is to give a recital at the Bechstein Hall on November 4. She is a Corsican, and descended from Napoleon.

Photograph by Langlier.

in reserve for her lovers, and which baffle, at least for a moment, even an omnipresent Press.

Forecasts.

The Carlton Club has about it an air almost of the expectation that usually precedes a General Election. The formation of the next Cabinet, if it is to be a Conservative one, is already a subject of discussion. The cleverest journalist among the Blues has been very candid in his edict about the men who are to sit on the Treasury Bench—under certain contingencies. Mr. Balfour certainly, but not all the dull fellows who were formerly his associates. Their names, which not wild horses shall drag from us, are only furtively whispered, even at the Carlton; and their fate concerns us here only so far as the issues are social as well as political. A leader must sometimes think of other things than the brains of his nominees—he must think of their uncles' purses; their grandmammas' parties (for there are parties without Parties), their cousins' electoral influence in an otherwise evenly balanced constituency, and their own powers of disagreeableness when out in the cold, sulking. A

CROWNS-CORONETS COURTIERS

CARDINAL MATHIEU, who came to London to attend the Eucharistic Congress, and remained to be himself attended by a surgeon, is still a guest in hospitable Grosvenor Square. As he does not go out, he never paints the town red at night or in the morning; but he has been able, of late, to sit up and play at his favourite game—bridge. An unexpected Cardinal, with an unexpected diversion, in Grosvenor Square! These are the little surprises which London holds

Mr. Balfour to dinner. On the Liberal side, Lady Denman's party in Carlton House Terrace began the season; and there is talk of Mrs. Asquith's taking the more prominent place as hostess, which rumour long ago assigned to her, but which, in fact, she has somehow not quite managed to achieve. The Duchess of Sutherland, who has been staying in Lancashire with Lady Lathom (like herself, a Sargent sitter), intends to be in and out of town during the winter; but she has no present plans

for Tariff Reform parties at Stafford House. Lady Londonderry has plans for entertainments to which politics of one colour will not be the necessary passport. According to a most agreeable rumour, she meditates doing what was done by the Duchess of Sutherland with brilliant success last season—give evening parties that bring together people interesting in themselves, and interesting to each other, by the strict exclusion of all the regulation Society bores.

"Bob" Carrington. The statement that Lord Carrington has given his allotment-holders a reduction of one shilling on the year's rental tempts one to revive in his favour the name by which he was familiarly known in his youth—the name of so many good fellows, even the name of "Bob"!

Uganda, Not "You Goose." Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson is again to try her luck, and very good luck it has hitherto been, as a hunter of big game. She goes to Mombasa, whence she crosses Uganda. Let no one exclaim, as did one of her best friends, "You goose!" Lady Constance knows where



TO TEACH THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND THAT THEIR
GREATEST POWER LIES IN LOVE: MME. DE PERROT.

Mme. de Perrot believes that "by teaching the women of England that their greatest power lies in love and the world of sentiment, the equality of the sexes will most surely be achieved, and their votes will come in the ordinary course." She is to tell love stories from French history in the Greek Room of the Ritz, and has already interested, among others, the Bishop of London, Lord Reay, and Dr. Sophie Bryant. On the occasion of the opening recital, which is to take place on November 12, she will tell the story of Heloise and Abelard.—[Photograph by Fotoco.]

peerage, in one instance, might be an adequate solatium for a shunt—a contribution made by a House of Lords to national efficiency never taken into account in current polemics. But what refuge has a leader who wants to shunt somebody who is already a peer? That is a problem of the political chess-board with which Mr. Balfour must deal if, and when, it arrives. Meanwhile, one thing is certain—that he is secure of the sympathy of all beholders of the painful process of expurgation.

she is happy, and there, like a sensible woman, she goes. Society, which others regard as a Sovereign Good, is to her very much of a weariness; and she prefers a river adventure even to a dive into the deeps provided in Dover Street, and the clubs of natives to the Bath Club itself. Lady Constance is very popular with the less barbarous black potentates and officials whom she has met, though topics of talk are naturally of a rather limited scope. Her experiences are sometimes almost as embarrassing as were those of the President who, at a loss for a theme, assured his dusky visitor: "Vous êtes nègre." "Oui, Monsieur, je suis nègre." "Continuez!"

A little stir is observable, too, in the drawing-rooms—the aunts and the mothers-in-law are already asking



A PORTRAIT-PAINTER WHO HAS TURNED
NOVELIST: PRINCE TROUBETSKOI.

The Prince, already well known in England and America as a portrait-painter, has written a book, his first, and this has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards. He is married to Miss Amélie Rives, the novelist, who is, perhaps, still best known by her first work, "The Quick or the Dead."

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.



THE KING'S MESSENGER WHO WISHES TO
FLY: CAPTAIN W. G. WINDHAM.

Captain Windham, well known as one of the King's Messengers, is having an aeroplane built according to a design of his own, and hopes to be the first man to fly across the Channel. He is a V.C., and a holder of the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal. The Aeroplane Club was founded by him.

Photograph by Thomson

DRESSING ACTS IN THE STREET! THE PAVEMENT AS A BOUDOIR.

A THING NO ENGLISHWOMAN WOULD DARE DO: LADIES TRYING ON COSTUMES OUTSIDE SHOPS IN PARIS.



1. MAN SETS AN EXAMPLE BY TRYING ON A COAT OUTSIDE A SHOP.
2. WOMAN FOLLOWS; BUT DEVOTES HER ATTENTION TO HATS.
3. TRYING A SKIRT.
4. MEASURING A LADY FOR CORSETS.
5. TRYING ON A BLOUSE.
6. TRYING ON HATS.
7. JUDGING THE HANG OF A SKIRT.

Many of the Paris shops are open to the street, and the shopkeepers range their goods either on the pavement or just beyond the pavement. At them ready-made costumes, hats, and articles of attire can be purchased, and it is quite usual for ladies to try things on in the street.

Photographs by Charles Delius.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E.F.S. (Monocle)

"THE MAID'S TRAGEDY"—"IOLANTHE."

PERHAPS it is better to be a live dog than a dead lion—indeed, seeing how many dogs are treated in our days, I think I would rather be a live dog than a live lion. Yet dead lions have their advantages. If Beaumont and Fletcher were not dead, they might not be famous; and if they were not famous, "The Maid's Tragedy" would not be regarded as immortal; and if "The Maid's

"Tragedy" were not regarded as immortal, as one of the glories of our literature, as one of the gems of our drama, the Play-Actors would not have acted it; and if the Play Actors had left it alone, they might have given us something less foolish and tiresome. Charles Lamb admired the character of Aspatia mildly; someone has compared the big passage between Melantius and Evadne with the scene between Hamlet and his mother. Macready, with the help of the intolerable Sheridan Knowles—whose plays, by the mercy of Providence, are as dead as Queen Anne—prepared a version which he called "The Bridal," and revelled in the part of the talkative, cautious revenger, Melantius. Nevertheless, the tragedy is of little quality.



A WELCOME RETURN TO THE STAGE: MISS NORMA WHALLEY, WHO IS PLAYING OLIVIA VANDERHIDE IN "LADY EPPING'S LAW-SUIT," AT THE CRITERION.

Playgoers will remember that Miss Whalley was a great stage favourite before her marriage. When that event took place she left the stage, and she has only just returned to it after an interval of five or six years.

Photograph by Bassano.

Some of our modern dramatists can do better than this. "The Virgin Goddess" of Mr. Besier, the "Attila" of Mr. Binyon, to take only two modern instances, are far finer works, yet I fear they will drop out of history; but people will go on for ages printing and writing about "The Maid's Tragedy," and regarding it as a masterpiece. The Play Actors put together a very good version. They cut the indecent passages quite neatly; they could not be blamed for retaining the silly humours of Calianax, since the part seems essential to the plot; still, they gave a compact, fairly coherent adaptation.

No cutting or more respectful treatment can make the character of the heroine comprehensible. First we find Evadne wedded to Amintor, and insisting that he shall regard her merely as a sister, for the King has treated him as noblemen in the eighteenth century were wont to treat their chaplains, and married him to his "little extra"—hardly "a little extra," for apparently there was no Queen. Evadne seemed proud and pleased by her position; yet a little later, when her brother talked harshly about it, she became ashamed of her dishonour; not only that, but remorseful for her loss of virtue, and, still more, wrathful with the King for his wickedness in causing her to lose it, and, in addition, suddenly in love with Amintor, wherefore she resolved to kill the King. It is no wonder the play was prohibited during the reign of the Merry Monarch. And she did kill the King, and was so vicious about it that she would not stab him in his sleep, thinking that too kind an act—Shakespeare rather anticipated this in "Hamlet"—so she tied him to the bedposts (a piece of business at which the audience tittered), and gave him a Mrs. Caudle lecture on his naughtiness, which she punctuated with stabs till he was dead. Later on we had a little holocaust, for Amintor killed Aspatia unwittingly, then he slew himself, Evadne committed suicide. Melantius promised to starve himself to death, and Calianax

guaranteed that he would die soon, though he would do his best to live long. The players did very well in this drama. The chief of them was Miss Esmé Beringer, who played Evadne, and showed what a strong reserve force we have in actresses. More experience or better stage direction might have prevented a few faults, but the stately presence, the rich voice and admirable elocution, the dignified poses and graceful movements made her performance very noteworthy. Mr. Warbuton was excellent as the King; Mr. Saintsbury, a little too rich in smiles, was often powerful as Melantius; Miss Rind played Aspatia very well in some passages; and Mr. Holloway was an excellent Amintor.

"Iolanthe" has now been restored to the programme of the Savoy, where "The Mikado" and "Pinafore" have been running through the summer with a success that shows that London has at last allowed itself to be wakened to the merits of things which it had almost regarded as belonging to the past. Links with that past are being broken one by one. The House of Lords may still be treated with a cynical disrespect, and it is not entirely out of date to speak lightly of Lord Chancellors, but "Captain Shaw" has died, and as the Fairy Queen sang her song the audience clearly felt that something had changed since the last revival, when the hero of the fire brigade sat in the stalls and received the homage of the house. It is a peculiarity of these Gilbert and Sullivan revivals that each in its way is a minor historical event; and it is clear that the audience of Savoy first-nighters appreciate that fact. In the enthusiasm for an ideal and a memory, any little defects in interpretation are ignored. And the rest of us who can remember more distinction in the playing of the parts may ignore them too. Mr. Workman, at any rate, is admirable as the Lord Chancellor; and Mr. Rutland Barrington is as blandly humorous as ever in his original

part of the Earl of Mountararat. Mr. Leo Sheffield, too, has quite the right voice for the Sentry's one song. Miss Jessie Rose sings and plays attractively as Iolanthe, and Mr. Henry Lytton is an excellent Strephon. "Iolanthe" may not be among the best of the series, for there are intervals between its moments of inspiration; but, for all that, it is a thing of real delight. An interesting irrelevant feature of the première was the capital performance by the unreserved-seaters of much Sullivan music. No doubt, there had been rehearsal and arrangement—one may praise the anonymous performers. Such a tribute to a composer is unique, I believe. Fancy an audience whiling away the time before the curtain rises by singing excellently songs and choruses from the composer's comic operas! But how awe-inspiring to the cast to have such a collection of amateur critics in the house!



A REMARKABLE CHILD DANCER: MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS, WHO IS PLAYING POPPY IN "A DAY IN PARIS," AT THE EMPIRE.

Miss Bedells' dancing is one of the features of the new Empire ballet, and is very popular.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

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METHOD IN MADNESS.



THE VISITOR: My dear chap, that's not the way to wheel a barrow! You should turn it the other way up.

THE LUNATIC: Wrong! Go down one. I tried it that way, but they filled it full of bricks.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ALTHOUGH the day of the practical joker is supposed to have passed, there are still such jokers in the theatrical world. Mr. Robert Evett has in his dressing-room a memento of one of the bits of good-natured fun that kept his comrades amused for a whole evening. One day, while he and some of the other actors were exchanging experiences, he told of a man he once met who, beginning life with a small sum, had by lending it out at an extortionate interest so succeeded that, only a little while before, he had been able to make a huge profit on a sum of two thousand pounds which he had lent for three months. The story was not told baldly, as it is here set down, but with a delicate

appreciation of its light and shade, and with a consummate skill that made for dramatic effect. A few nights later, on going to his dressing-room after the first act of "The Merry Widow" was over, Mr. Evett, who had remained for two or three minutes on the stage, was astonished to see the passage packed with members of the company and of the chorus. At first he thought that there was a fire. Then he noticed that there was no suggestion of the excitement there would have been had such been the case. He made his way to his room, and he saw screwed to the door the three gilded balls which were annexed by the pawn-brokers of the world from the golden bags which figure in the pictures of St. Nicholas. At once it flashed upon him that a humorous personal touch had been given to his story, and that he had been identified with its pawnbroking hero. This conclusion was forced upon him as one member of the company after another came forward with the most absurd articles, and asked what he would advance on them. Old shoe-laces and stay-laces, bedraggled stage costumes, battered hats, a discarded wig, bits of broken cups and saucers which had once served for afternoon tea during the matinée—in short, "any old thing" on which hands could be laid was brought, that he might say what he would lend on it. Whenever he went to his dressing-room that night there was sure to be a knock at the door, and someone would come with a pathetic request for a loan, until the repetition would have palled on anyone with a sense of humour less keen than that of "Uncle" Evett, who eventually came into his own again with a practical joke played on the ringleader of that evening's entertainment. But that, as a famous author says, is another story.

Mr. Harold Lawson, who is responsible for many of the lyrics in "The Hon'ble Phil," has travelled far and wide in the course of his life. It is safe to say that one of his experiences has been paralleled by no one else connected with the theatrical profession, and probably by few even of those who have to do with literature. On one most memorable occasion, while travelling in Tibet, he was snowed up in a pass fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. He was on a shooting expedition at the time, and was accompanied by twelve coolies. When the party got to the top of the pass it suddenly began to snow. At that altitude a snow-storm is, of course, a serious matter, for the snow falls so thickly as

practically to veil everything from the sight. In a very little while the snow was four feet deep, and Mr. Lawson was face to face with the possibility that the storm would continue for some days, while he was ill prepared to meet it, that his party had no food at all, and that there was only half a bottle of whisky for himself and his men. To attempt to push on was to court certain death. The only thing he could do, therefore, was wait until the storm held up and the snow was frozen so as to afford a surface for travelling over. For two days he remained in the little camp which was made, with nothing to eat, sustaining life only on the whisky, which was administered in infinitesimal doses to the men, who, being

Mohammedans, strongly resented taking alcohol, but were perforce compelled to do so in order to keep body and soul together. After the first day the tiny supply of fuel ran out, and Mr. Lawson had the greatest difficulty in keeping a spark of warmth in the bodies of himself and his men. At length the storm ceased, and in a few hours more the snow was frozen hard. Then the tent was dug up, the camp was struck, and Mr. Lawson and his party descended to a more temperate climate. But for the opportune cessation of the snowfall, someone else would have had to write the lyrics for Mr. G. P. Huntley's musical comedy as well as the occasional verses which Mr. Lawson has contributed from time to time to the lighter periodical Press.

To the list of amusing perversions of the text of plays which have recently been noted, another, in the nature of a "Spoonerism," may be added. It was perpetrated a few days ago by Mr. Sam Sothern at a matinée of "Lady Epping's Lawsuit." In the course of his part, he has to say to Miss Mary Moore, "I want to see Lord Epping livid with jealousy and the Duke running down from Cookie Castle to implore you to give me up." Instead of this, what he did say was, "I want to see Lord Epping livid with jealousy and the cook running down from Dukie Castle to implore

you to give me up." The result was disastrous to the gravity of those who were on the stage with Mr. Sothern at the time, and the audience rocked with laughter. It was a laugh, however, which Mr. Sothern does not mean to get again if he can help it.

Few, if any, actors have made their first appearance under more remarkable circumstances than did Mr. Sothern. His début was in the company of the late John T. Raymond, a famous American actor of his day, who was a great friend of Mr. Sothern's father. The play was Mr. Pinero's "The Magistrate," in which Mr. Sothern, then about seventeen, was cast for the boy. As soon as Mr. Sothern entered, Mr. Raymond put his hand on his shoulder and drew him to the footlights. Then, stepping out of his part, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is my young friend Sam Sothern. He is the son of my dear friend E. A. Sothern, whom you all knew and loved. For his father's sake you will be kind to the boy, who is making his first appearance." Then he turned to Mr. Sothern, and said: "Now, my boy, go on with your part." Mr. Sothern went on.



IN THE PART MR. JOSEPH COYNE CREATED: MR. ROBERT MICHAËLIS AS PRINCE DANILO IN "THE MERRY WIDOW," AT DALY'S.

Photograph by Foulsham and Ransfield

Pillars of the Playhouse.

Studies of Worshippers at the Shrine of Thespis.



VIII.—THE G. P. HUNTLEY-ITES.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

I SEE that Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson has published another book. Quite right, too. I do not know why it should be objected to an author that he publishes a good deal if he chooses to do so. It cannot all be his very best, for that connotes degrees and selection; but then, neither does the author who publishes little necessarily give you his best, and if it is not all his best, that is no reason why it should not all be good. I rather like the proud attitude of a man who says—I don't mean that Mr. Benson says it—that what is good enough for him to take the trouble of writing is good enough for the confounded public to read. And when—as, I am told, is Mr. Benson's case—the public rolls up in its thousands to read, he is clearly justified. To write regularly every day is a habit like another, like taking a constitutional after luncheon. Well, suppose one is in the habit of writing two or three hours every day and publishes it all, unless one is abnormally slow one would turn out enough material to make several "Vanity Fairs" or most of Shakespeare's plays every year; clearly then, if Mr. Benson has the habit he does select, after all. Journalists in good practice must write far more. Mr. Sims, for example, said once that he worked for twenty-three hours (or was it twenty-five?) out of the twenty-four, and if he published the result in the form of books he would beat Mr. Benson hollow.

Nor does it at all follow that copious or swift writing implies of necessity a slipshod or clumsy style. Thackeray has been pronounced a fool by Mr. Shaw, for the very odd reason that he liked fools—as though one were to say that Don Juan was a woman because he liked women—but, fool or not, he is certainly a great master of English prose; and Thackeray wrote swiftly and with few corrections. Style is a gift, an instinct, which no amount of labour and study will replace. Mr. Benson is thought by his admirers to have it: I think otherwise; but then he may deal in subtler harmonies and rhythms than my ear can appreciate.

I don't quite know why I have embarked on this spirited defence of Mr. Benson, but, since I have, I may as well conclude it, on the chance that some of my readers may be of his admirers—an honour for me—and may have been pained by hostile criticism of him. Critics complain that he gives them platitudes. There are a dozen good defences of this practice: it is enough to say (1) that Shakespeare and Horace, to take two great names at random, wrote any number of platitudes, and (2) that platitudes are excellent things. We smile pleasantly at them in health and good spirits, and in affliction we fall greedily back on

them. If our contemporary books were all paradoxical, we should be sick of paradox—a good platitude of my own. It is usual to say that anybody can write paradoxes, which is nonsense, for since such swift reputations are made by paradox, why do not more people make them? But it is also nonsense to say that anybody can write platitudes: a certain gravity of demeanour, a certain mellowness of mind, a certain sincerity are all necessary if the platitude is to be even tolerable. Mr. Benson has these qualities, and may write platitudes—mind you, I never said that he does—as much as he pleases.

Lastly, I have read rude laughter at him and his brothers, Mr. E. F. Benson and Father Hugh Benson, merely because they are brothers. That is monstrous, and it shows how much worse-mannered and unkindly-tempered literary critics are than the great sporting public. No one ever objected to a Studd or a Lyttelton that his brothers also were cricketers; on the contrary, everyone was delighted when a fresh Lyttelton or Studd appeared, and hoped he would do as well as his elders. Racegoers do not resent the appearance of an own brother to a great horse; on the contrary, they back him cheerfully—once, at least. They do not say, "What, another son of Orme and Vampire? Surely Flying Fox was enough?" But literary critics are a captious set. As to which Mr. Benson one prefers, for my part I read most in Mr. E. F., perhaps because I contrive to write essays of a kind myself, and cannot for my life think of a good plot. But I am content that Mr. A. C. Benson should write as many books as he finds convenient. His last, by the way, is called "At Large," and is published by Messrs. Smith, Elder.



WHISTLER'S FAMOUS PASTEL, "A CUP OF TEA."

Reproduced from Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's "Life of James McNeill Whistler" (published by Mr. Heinemann) by courtesy of the Publisher.

I see by a review that he has some passages on shyness. I wonder if you have read a curious work called "Apologia Diffidentis," by W. Compton Leith (Lane)? It reads as though it were a "human document," an account of personal experiences, and, of course, should be so to be of much value: in that case the author's name may be fictitious. I imagine it must be so from the author's idea that people hate and are banded together against the shy man. Surely not. Shyness is so infinitely preferable to self-assertion, and a little of it, at least, is distinctly attractive. In fact, when anyone is markedly rude, his friends always tell you he is shy, with the evident idea that then you will not mind. Still, in any acute form it must be a terrible affliction, and it is here very poignantly analysed. I am not "up to date" in referring to the book—it is some months old—but it occurred to me as an odd by-study in the morbid.

HOT STUFF!



TEDDY: What's on?

HILDEBRAND: Come on, we're playing Guy Fawkes with little Cousin Willie.

TEDDY. But it's not till next week.

HILDEBRAND: I know — but Willie's going home to-morrow!

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE ATTIC REFUGE.

By EDWARD CECIL.

DUSK had fallen in Paradise Street, Stepney. Moisture trickled down the lighted windows by reason of the overcrowding and the heat within.

In the street itself, a few people came and went, sometimes with bundles or parcels, sometimes with heavier baskets covered with American cloth, but seldom without carrying something which explained their being abroad. For the night was cold, and a thin sleet was falling, making the broken flagstones of the pavement wet, and filling the hollows in the roadway with water. The people who passed through the street walked quickly, as if anxious to fulfil their business without delay. The sleet was being converted into snow before a rising east wind.

One man, however, came into the street and lingered. He did not walk with an assured step or show the indifference to the surroundings shown by those who were constantly passing him. On the contrary, he entered the street and paused. He was evidently unfamiliar with the streets of Stepney.

Though his clothes were thin and worn, he seemed indifferent to the cold and the sleet. He stood for a few moments in the roadway taking in his surroundings. Then he saw the enamelled iron plate which bore the name of the street. He looked up at it intently.

The same light, that of the street lamp, which enabled him to see the name-plate now shone down upon his upturned face. It showed it to be that of a man in early middle age, a pinched and haggard face, half hidden beneath a rough growth of black hair. The features were sharp and the eyes intelligent.

As he looked up at the name-plate, he took out of an inner pocket a piece of carefully folded paper, which he unfolded. It was worn and stained, and he sheltered it carefully with his hand from the wind and sleet. On it was written in faded ink and in large English capitals, "Paradise Street." The man compared the paper with the name-plate, and gradually, as he did so, an expression of relief spread over his face.

After looking about him, he began to walk down the street, counting the doorways as he went. He came thus to a door which stood open, and, going out into the roadway, he counted the doorways from the end of the street again.

Before he entered the doorway to which his counting had brought him, he looked cautiously up and down the street. Then at last he crossed the threshold.

As he mounted the stairs, it was evident that he was weighed down by great physical weariness. More than once, he remembered that he had left behind what experience had taught him to be at least comparative safety—the open street. When at last he came to his goal, and his hand was on the door-latch of the topmost room of the house, a sudden doubt overwhelmed him. Perhaps that attic had ceased to be the goal of refuge to which he was striving.

He was still there, outside the door; he knocked, and no answer came. He would have entered but he dreaded testing his doubt.

At last, however, he opened the door.

The room was dark and empty.

At first he stood motionless, overwhelmed by his misfortune. He had endured much in striving to reach his goal, and he had been buoyed up always by the thought of that moment when he would reach the attic in Stepney in which he would rest. He had reached it, and he stood in it now to find it dark and empty, no longer the goal of refuge but the grave of hope. He had endured so much, he was so weary in body and mind that his despair conquered him.

But, before he left the attic, he felt a natural feeling of curiosity, which emerged when the first shock of his disappointment had

passed. He took a box of matches out of his pocket and struck a light. At first he saw nothing which arrested his attention. He saw, however, that the attic, though dark and cold, was not an empty and unoccupied room. There was a little miserable furniture, a bed in one corner and ashes in the tiny fire-grate. The attic had a tenant, though he or she had been away from it during the day.

It was with the second match that he saw a little picture hanging on the wall beside the bed. He went to it and held the match in front of it. It was a cheap little colour-print of a small Russian town, covered with its winter mantle of snow.

"It is Mircheuk!" he whispered in astonishment.

Then he looked round the room again, and this time he saw things he had not seen before, and he realised suddenly and with a shock of amazement that, after all, this was the attic which he sought.

But he could not bear this second surprise. He sank down on his knees beside the bed; he threw out his arms and let his face fall to rest upon them. For a time he remained thus, under the stress of an emotion which he could not control, but at length he seemed to be talking to himself. The words which he muttered were Hebrew words, words from a psalm of thanksgiving. It was only a fragment which he was repeating over and over again. But he only knew a fragment, for in Russia, whence he had come, psalms of thanksgiving are rarely used in Hebrew. A Russian Jew has little, if anything, to be thankful for.

Very late that January day, Otto Schmidt came back to Paradise Street from his labour in the West End. He worked for a Bond Street tailor, and, since his wants were simple and his capacity for unceasing toil great, he was known to many in Paradise Street as a prosperous man. By this was meant, in that aliens' street, that he was never short of food or tobacco.

He was an old man, grey-haired and bent-shouldered. This much everyone could see. He lived alone in an attic. This much anyone might learn. And he was uncommunicative about himself. This much all who came to know him discovered.

For the rest, his German nationality was accepted on the strength of his name, and his solitary habits were regretted, for he was one of those silent men who, having themselves suffered greatly, are generous and full of charity to those upon whom the burden of suffering has also fallen. But not even those he helped ever learned his history. All that they ever gained by indirect questions was some commonplace about those wrongs and oppressions with which every alien is familiar.

He was an old man, whose life had been one long story of wrongs and injustice. That January night he was very weary. Yet even as he entered his attic he became aware, suddenly and acutely, that he could not yield to his weariness. He had to brace himself to meet something unusual. He was not alone in his own room. The attic was full of the sound of a man's deep breathing, the deep, regular, nasal breathing of a sleeping man.

It was dark. There was, indeed, a very faint light in the window, because of the glow coming up from the many-lighted windows of the street, but it served only to show the window very faintly. The attic itself was dark.

Schmidt, who knew every inch of his home, knew where the sleeping man was. The sound of the breathing came from the bed.

For a moment he was at loss what to do. It seemed a strange thing to him that anyone should have come to his attic, should have stayed in it and should have fallen asleep. Always ready to imagine danger, the old man did so now. Yet what danger could there be from a sleeping man?

[Continued overleaf.]

A SHEAR NECESSITY: THE HAT CURTAILER.



A SUGGESTION TO THE THEATRICAL MANAGER: THE AUTOMATIC MATINÉE HAT REDUCER.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

He went softly to a corner by the hearth where he kept his candles. He took one, struck a match and lighted it.

It was as he thought. A man lay upon his bed, sleeping.

He stood beside him, holding the candle so that the light fell upon the bed.

The man was lying prone, his face resting upon his bent arm. He had taken off his boots and had loosened his clothes, which were rough and weather-stained. His head was partially turned, so that his profile could be seen. But the growth of black hair upon his face disguised it. Schmidt was puzzled. He did not know the man who had made himself free to the comfort of his bed.

But there was something in the build of the shoulders which was familiar, which stirred some memory of the past. Moreover, though he told himself that he ought to resent the intrusion, he felt no anger towards the sleeping man.

He held the candle so that the light on the half-turned face was stronger, and suddenly the hand which held the candle began to tremble. He bent down and looked keenly at the sharply featured profile.

"God of Abraham," he whispered in tremulous amazement, "it is Nicholas!"

Then, as he bent down and searched the face, a light came into his eyes which they had not known for many years. It was the light of pure joy.

"Nicholas Nicholaevitch," he murmured twice, with a tenderness which mingled with his amazement till it conquered it, "you have come to me at last, to break my loneliness, to share my exile! You have come thus, with no word of warning, here to me, to this attic! Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who has brought you safely to this refuge! Blessed be God, who has brought you to me!"

He spoke partly in Hebrew, partly in Russian, he, Otto Schmidt, who was known to Paradise Street as a German. For he also was a Russian Jew.

And for a time he stood there in silence, looking down at his son, while, from the house below, from the street and from the great thoroughfare a few streets distant, there stole up to the attic the seldom silent murmur of the terrible, overcrowded, struggling life of the East End of London.

Long after midnight Otto Schmidt still sat waiting. He sat beside a bright fire, his face turned towards the bed. A kettle was steaming on the hob, and a candle burnt steadily upon a small table on which cups and food had been placed ready.

The old man had spread some coats over his son to protect him from the cold, but had not broken his sleep.

"When the exhaustion has passed," he told himself, "he will wake."

Then he sat down to wait, a great content filling his thoughts, while the murmurs and shoutings from the house, from the street, and from the neighbouring thoroughfare grew gradually fewer and fewer as the silence of the small hours approached.

At length, when the quiet had come, the sleeping man stirred and woke.

He woke quickly, as one who has been accustomed to living in danger learns to wake. Yet, for a moment, he looked in amazement at the fire. Its comforting glow was something which had long been foreign to him. Then he saw his father, grown older, whiter, and more bent than he remembered him, but with a look of content and happiness in his face which he had never seen before, and suddenly he remembered that what he saw was not a dream, but his attic of refuge, the reality of the picture which had been with him all through the long, dangerous days of his flight.

"Welcome, Nicholas Nicholaevitch!" said the old man simply and fervently.

Nicholas got up from the bed and, coming to the hearth, kissed his father on both cheeks.

"There have been days when I lost all hope of reaching this refuge," he said. "But those days are past. God is not wholly without mercy."

Then he knelt down to warm himself at the fire.

Through the long, silent hours father and son talked together.

"You have not told me why you have come," said the old man, when his son had eaten.

Nicholas laughed.

"You can guess why," he said. "I was drawn to serve in Manchuria, to give my life, perhaps, for the Tsar, the Little Father. There is something absurd, I think, in the thought of a Russian Jew giving his life for the Little Father! Better to be shot into one's open grave as a deserter than to be dragged to Manchuria to die. But better still to escape."

He spoke with that bitterness which nothing can ever soften—a bitterness so common in Russia that among some men it is always taken for granted.

"So you were called out for the war," said the old man, looking into the fire; "you were summoned to appear at the *voinskaja pavinost*. But you escaped. How?"

As he asked the question, he looked sharply at his son's right hand, for he remembered that to cut off three fingers of the right hand and so render the use of a rifle impossible was a common way of escaping.

The refugee saw the look and held out his hand. It was intact.

"No," he said, "not that! I found a better way."

Nicholas Nicholaevitch cut a slice from the lemon and pressed it into his tea.

"I came down the Vistula," he said briefly.

"In a timber-boat?"

"Yes. Hidden among the logs."

"And you paid?"

"Sixty roubles—all I had."

Then, kneeling before the fire and drinking his tea, he told something of how that timber-boat had drifted slowly down the river while he lay, pierced by the cold, among the logs. Day by day the landscape slipped past, but so slowly, so terribly slowly, for him who was in danger, pierced by the cold and tortured by hunger.

"Many have made that journey besides you, but have not crossed the frontier," said his father musingly.

The elder Nicholas had memories of the past to draw upon. He knew those big, slow-going, flat-bottomed timber-boats so well; he knew the country through which the river passed—the flat, snow-covered Russian landscape, one immense sheet of white, broken only here and there by a village or a stretch of woodland. And as he called up that landscape of which his son spoke, he was conscious of wishing that some day he might see it again. For, after all, it was his own country, his native land, though he was known as Otto Schmidt and spoke German. But he knew, of course, that he would never again see it.

"And at the frontier?" he asked abruptly.

Nicholas looked up.

"Nothing happened," he said, "though the boat was stopped for an hour."

"The God of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps," said the old man, with that intense conviction in the ever-active power of God which many Jews have, and which, in a Russian Jew, is nothing less than a miracle.

His son, who had ceased to believe in a God of Israel, did not speak at once.

"The boat was not searched," he said, after a time, "because the owner had arranged that it should not be. Everything in Russia can be arranged. There were others besides myself on that boat. And at that frontier station they knew that we lay there, shivering among the logs."

"And after the frontier?"

"I made my way to the coast and worked my passage in the first boat that left for London."

"You have suffered," said the old man after a pause. "You have learnt what life is, Nicholas Nicholaevitch, just as I have learnt, what it is, at any rate, for a Russian Jew. But to you God has been good. He has permitted you to escape into a free country while you are still young."

His son smiled.

"Life is, of course, still full of its savour for me," he said.

And then, more deeply than he had done before, the old man realised how cruelly the writing of suffering was scrawled over his son's face.

He remembered suddenly that, in his own thankfulness, he had become selfish. For several years he had known little of what his son's life had been. But he knew that he had married.

"Your wife," he asked, "is she in a place of safety?"

Yet, even as he asked, he knew the answer. For why had his son come to England alone?

"Yes," said the refugee quietly, still looking into the fire. After a pause he explained that his wife had died in childbirth, and that he was thankful that neither she nor his child lived.

And his father, Russian Jew, sham German and English alien, had nothing to say. For he felt that the song of gladness which had sprung to life that night in his old heart was silenced. He remembered the day when his son as a boy had boasted that he was a Russian as well as a Jew. He could not even speak the usual commonplace about England being a haven of refuge. For of what use is a haven of refuge when the joy of life is dead?

It was the son who spoke.

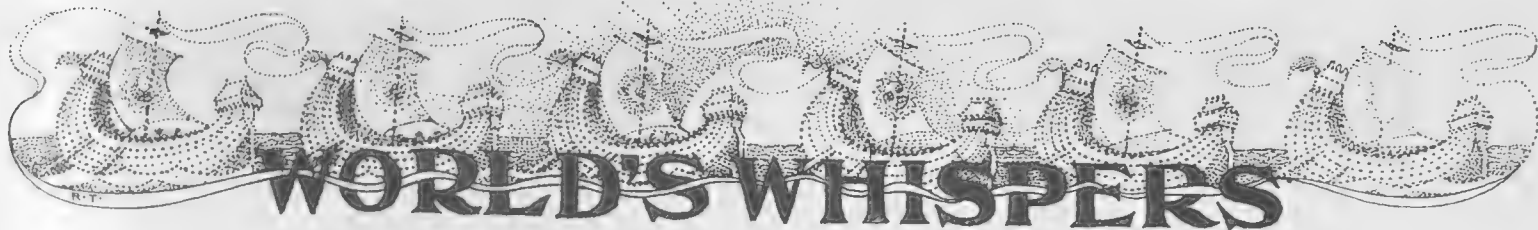
"Let us not think of what is past," he said. "God is not wholly without mercy. There is yet some savour in life. For here, in England, we are together."

Once again the old man's heart became glad.

"Yes," he said, "and let us remember that you are safe. Just now, while you were sleeping, a newspaper boy was shouting his papers in the street. Do you know what his cry was? It was this: 'Japanese victory! Hundreds of Russian dead!' I listened to that shouting. Then I listened to the sound of your breathing as you lay there on my bed in this attic refuge."

For the old man knew now that, when the time came, he would not die alone, and that, perhaps for many years, he and his son would live together.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS

IF Sir Weetman Pearson is really to buy Cowdray Park, to pull down the ruin and to build a dower-house upon the site, he must be prepared to brave "the Cowdray curse." The splendid old palace outside Midhurst — now only a ruin — was a monastic foundation of the Conqueror. At the Dissolution it was granted by Henry VIII. to his favourite, Sir Anthony Browne, first Lord Montague, against whom and whose descendants the famous curse was pronounced — that they should "perish by fire and water." Yet as years rolled by the family flourished exceedingly until, in the reign of Elizabeth



FOUNDER OF A COLLEGE OF MUSICAL LAUGHTER: Mlle. PAVLOFF.

Mlle. Pavloff has founded a college of music, and teaches her pupils not only to sing, but to laugh musically. It seems likely that her ingenuity will meet its reward.

Sussex." But lo and behold! towards the end of the eighteenth century the double disaster came. The seventh Viscount left an only son and heir, who was drowned in the Rhine in 1793; and on the very same night Cowdray Hall, which was being decorated for its young master's return, was destroyed by fire. Thus perished by "fire and water" the great family of Montague. The ruins themselves are now to be obliterated, and under Sir Weetman the purse of Cowdray will be far more in evidence than the curse.

A Novel Golf-Course.

Mr. Balfour is not much of a reader of George Meredith, or he might have a double interest in hearing that on Motterone they have just made a golf-course, for Motterone is the mountainous place overlooking Lago Maggiore, and is the scene of the first chapter of "Vittoria."

Lord Shaftesbury's "No."

Everybody has met the men and women in Society who sing more or less badly, and of whom it is dimly hinted that Mr. Higgins once offered them forty pounds a week to make themselves heard in opera; but, of course, they wouldn't — not they! The testimony of Sims Reeves is sometimes added in witness to the fortune that he or she could have made an' he or she would. One gets to the stage (the only real sort of stage in all the story) of listening to these legends with perfect sympathy but imperfect credulity. It is, however, an actual fact — it is small talk and not tall talk — that Lord Shaftesbury (tenor!) has been offered a singing tour

of thirty weeks in the United States, at five thousand dollars a week. Lord Shaftesbury has declined the tempting offer, which is, perhaps, a pity; for though — unlike most of his order — he may not be in want of thirty thousand pounds, he would certainly come back at the end of his tour a man marvellously richer in experiences.

Luminaries.

Mrs. Maxwell-Lyte, who is a sister of Lord Mowbray and Stourton, kept her birthday last Sunday, perhaps a little dully. For her husband was the chief protagonist in the great candle case that occupied for a whole week

such shining lights as Mr. Justice Darling and Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. Gill and Mr. Rufus Isaacs. There



THE FIRST LADY MAYOR (POSSIBLY): MISS DOVE.

High Wycombe has nominated Miss Dove, the popular head-mistress of the Wycombe Abbey School for Girls, for the position of next Mayor of the borough. It is, of course, not certain that she will be elected. — [Photograph by Bolak.]

was undoubtedly a great deal of wax in the case, though it was all about an alleged lack of the regulation amount of wax in the altar candles that rival chandlers make; and a great deal of time and much money were spent over technicalities without, in the end, leaving anybody a penny wiser or better lit. The Judge, it is true, was at his brightest; and the Counsel, too, were often really luminous; but if I had been a litigant, and particularly, perhaps, if I had been the wife of a litigant, I should probably have thought the candle hardly worth the game.

Portia Pankhurst.

Probably not much advantage to the Suffragettes' cause will accrue from the prosecution of Mrs. Drummond and Miss Christabel Pankhurst and her mother. But the effect has been immensely to enhance the personal reputation of Miss Pankhurst herself as a clever and charming young lady. Nothing could have been better or more ingenious than her cross-examination of the two Cabinet

Ministers whom she subpoenaed. Indeed, her duel with Mr. Lloyd George was smart and entertaining enough for any play. But we must remember that she is no child in legal matters. Miss Pankhurst is a Bachelor of Laws, be it known. It is in the legal world that her next fight lies. She began it four years ago, when she sought to be admitted as a student of Lincoln's Inn, and, like Miss Williams and Miss Cave, was refused. She will return to that field, perhaps, when she — or the public — tires of that in which she is at present so conspicuous and attractive a figure.



THE ELDEST SONS OF THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN: THE HON. ALBERT EDWARD JOHN SPENCER AND THE HON. CECIL EDWARD ROBERT SPENCER, SONS OF VISCOUNT ALTHORP.

Mr. Albert Edward Spencer was born in May 1892, and is a godson of the King. Mr. Cecil Spencer was born two years later. He is a Naval cadet. — [Photograph by Langfer.]

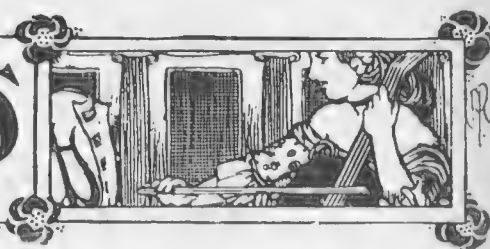


UNDER THE SWAY OF FASHION: THE BIG HAT ON A MIDGET.

The little people are performing in Berlin. — [Photograph by the Berliner Illustrations-Gesellschaft.]



KEY-NOTES



EUGENE YSAÏE is one of the great masters of the violin whom all musicians delight to honour, and no better tribute to his popularity could have been desired than Queen's Hall provided on Wednesday last. M. YsaÏe was assisted at the piano by his brother, who hardly seemed a first-class accompanist, and by Mr. F. B. Kiddle at the organ; and Queen's Hall was very

well filled, despite the counter-attraction at Bechstein's, where the Classical Concert Society was giving its first concert, with the aid of such players as Lady Hallé, Mr. Donald Tovey, Mr. Borsdorf, and Mr. Eli Hudson. But the Belgian artist did more than draw his hundreds to London's premier concert-hall, he held them spell-bound for two hours. YsaÏe stands alone among the great interpreters of classical music, because he does not accept traditional readings; his interpretations have an extraordinary individual quality that is full of surprises, and seems to give a touch of perennial freshness to music we have heard many times before. His cadenzas,



PROVIDER OF TAXIS TO MELBOURNE:
MME. MELBA.

News comes from Australia that Mme. Melba is the chief mover in a financial corporation which is placing taxicabs on the streets of Melbourne. The famous singer is due to make her last and only appearance in London until 1910 at the Royal Albert Hall on the seventh of next month. Immediately after that appearance she will leave for her American and Australian tours.

Photograph by Talma.

too, are remarkable, for although few save YsaÏe could attempt them, their amazing technical qualities are subordinated to the player's fine sense of what is appropriate. Each is born of its surroundings, and might have been written by the composer. Whether the listener accepts or cavils at YsaÏe's treatment of certain passages in such work as Handel's Sonata in G Minor (No. 3) and Mozart's Concerto in G (No. 3), it is impossible to overlook the fact that he is listening to a magnificent interpretation of a masterpiece by one who has identified himself to the uttermost with the composer's thought and intention. Applause under such circumstances is no mere recognition of cleverness, it becomes a respectful tribute to genius.

The fine Chaconne by T. A. Vitali with which YsaÏe opened the second part of his programme was accompanied on the organ by Mr. Kiddle with rare taste and discretion. It was heard last year, and we think it is likely to become popular, for the variations following the exposition of the theme are of a stately beauty that must appeal to every ear, and the organ accompaniment is singularly effective. In the closing bars the violinist's first string snapped, but he retained his composure, and brought the work to an end with the aid of the A string, although another violin was within reach of his hand. The final item on the programme, Max Bruch's second concerto—the one dedicated to Sarasate—was accompanied on the organ as well as the piano, but gained nothing from the innovation. An enthusiastic but inconsiderate audience asked for more, with better success than fell to Oliver Twist, for YsaÏe, who must have been well-nigh exhausted, played the "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger," and sent his admirers away full of gratitude and delight.

Chamber music at Leighton House provides musical London with one of its great pleasures, for it is but seldom that the performers and the programme are not worthy of the beautiful surroundings. Miss Marie Motto, who gave the first of a series of four chamber concerts there last week, and led a quartet that included Messrs. Thomas Morris, Frank Bridge, and R. Purcell Jones, is an artist who is competent to handle the beautiful Stradivarius on which she plays, and we can imagine no greater praise than this. She has temperament, individuality, and insight. Mozart's Quartet in E flat is a familiar work enough, but it will never grow old while it can receive such a delightful interpretation as Miss Motto secured; and those who really believe that Brahms is hard to appreciate or understand would revise their opinion on hearing Miss Motto and her associates interpret the Quartet in A minor. Each work was rendered with an enthusiasm that made for supreme enjoyment.

Mme. Carreño's second recital at Bechstein's was no less successful than its predecessor, and the player's wonderful mastery over many and varying moods was tempered with fine judgment. One felt, as perhaps one did not feel at the first recital, that the pianist was bent more upon a fine interpretation of her programme than upon demonstrating to her audience the wide range of her gifts. Her playing of two Beethoven sonatas was thoroughly satisfying, and if she was not equally successful with Chopin, the fault lay with the extent and variety of her programme. The Polish pianist's work is not heard at its best when surrounded by items with which it has little in common, and if we are to know the best that Mme. Carreño can give us in this direction, she must devote an afternoon entirely to Chopin. Such a programme would draw music-lovers to her and give them the opportunity of forming an unbiassed judgment of her powers in dealing with the most delicate and elusive of all the masters who have written for the pianoforte.

Rehearsals for the performances of Grand Opera in English, to be given at Covent Garden early in the New Year, have started already, and it is whispered that the undertaking will not be limited to the works of Wagner. It is likely that English, French, and Italian opera will find a place in a programme that will be interpreted almost without exception by English singers. It is well to remember that if we are to enjoy a winter season in place of the autumn one that has failed to find adequate support, we must rely upon home talent. The exodus to the States is about to begin, and many of the artists who have not been summoned across the Atlantic are wanted to fulfil engagements in the great Continental capitals where opera flourishes between December and March.—COMMON CHORD



DR. HENRY COWARD, WHO HAS SAILED FOR CANADA WITH HIS SHEFFIELD CHOIR.

The choir, which consists of 200 members, is to give two concerts in Montreal, and concerts in Ottawa and one or two other cities in Canada, as well as in Buffalo. In Ottawa all the singers are to be presented to the Governor-General, Earl Grey. Hospitable Canada has organised many entertainments for her visitors, and is bent on giving them the best of good times.

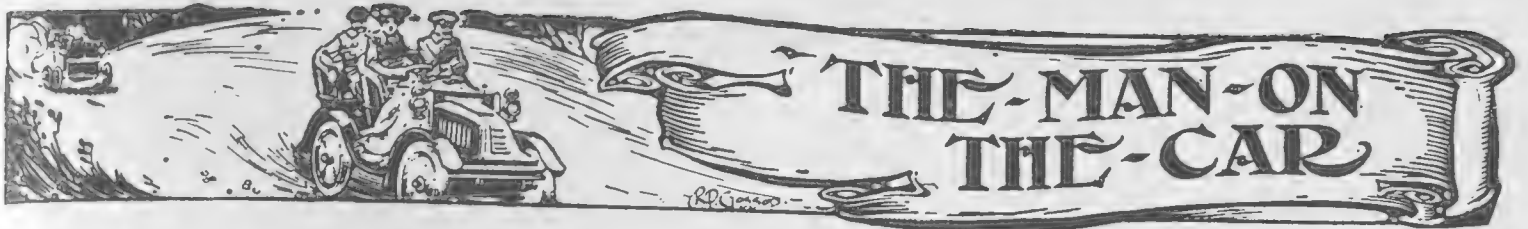
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS VIOLINIST: HERR KUBELIK. Herr Kubelik is due to play at Douglas on the fifth of next month. He will appear with the London Philharmonic Society at the Queen's Hall a week later.

Photograph by Talma.

the artists who have not been summoned across the Atlantic are wanted to fulfil engagements in the great Continental capitals where opera flourishes between December and March.—COMMON CHORD



THE PERFECTION OF PROGRESSION: THE SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER—AN EDGEWISE TYRE-TREAD OF PROMISE—THE INTERNATIONAL ROAD CONGRESS AND OUR ROADS—STEERING IMPROVEMENT WANTED—ELLIOT SPEEDOMETER PREVAILS OVER POLICE.

THE perfection of self-propelled progression is very nearly, if not entirely, reached in the latest six cylinder Lanchester car, with its new wheel-steering. The sense of flotation afforded by this car as it sweeps over the roughest surfaces must be experienced to be appreciated. The absolute ease and luxury, freedom from vibration and road-shock, ensured by the ingenious method of springing evolved by that brilliant engineer, Mr. Fred Lanchester, together with the sweetness and quiet running of the new six-cylinder engine, have acquired for the Lanchester car a vogue amongst those who will have nothing but the best. In realising the perfection attained in this vehicle, it is gratifying to note that, while it is a British production throughout, it owes nothing in ideas to any foreign model. It was evolved on special lines, and so remains — one of the most popular cars of the day.



A NEW STAMP FOR AUSTRIA'S NEW DOMINION: THE BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA ISSUE BEARING AN ILLUSTRATION OF A MOTOR MAIL-VAN.

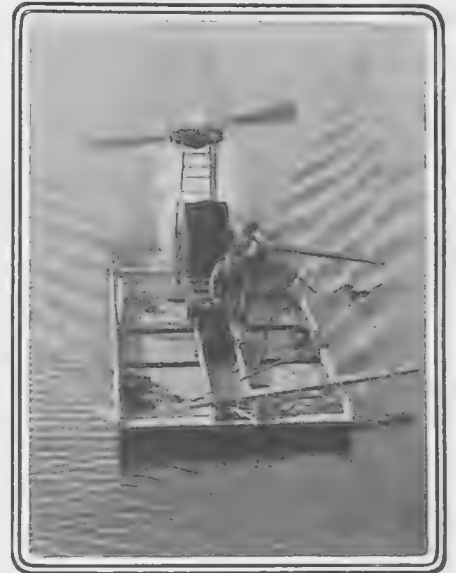
Photograph by Topical.

which will give three or four times the mileage of an average tyre as we have it to-day. That this may be so we all, like the signatories to a Parliamentary petition, do humbly pray. It is impossible, in the space at my disposal, to give any adequate idea of the manner in which this tyre is built up; but it is interesting to note that the tread is formed of some thirty layers of fabric thoroughly impregnated with rubber, and squeezed into a block by a pressure of some 15 cwt. to the square inch. This block is subsequently cut up in such a way that, when the tread is formed, the layers of the fabric are at right angles longitudinally to the road. In other words, the fabric stands on its edges. Covers made in this way have been tested to destruction by the makers, who claim a greatly increased life for their tyres. Nothing, however, is said about price.

It is possible that much good may result from the International Congress which has just concluded its luminous deliberations in Paris. Such recommendations as it has made, however, are likely to take effect much sooner in France than in our own country. There it is only necessary for one great central department to resolve to put the roads of France into a condition suitable to the needs of modern traffic, whereas on this side of the Channel each and every one of the innumerable road authorities has to be convinced of the necessity and ultimate economy of road reform. At the present moment Bumbledom, dominating the various councils and boards concerned, is convinced that every improvement and all additional expenditure are

effected and incurred solely and wholly for the benefit of the motorist, who to Bumbledom is anathema. Country road-surveyors of the calibre of Mr. Maybury, of Kent, may, when backed by an enlightened Council, do much; but many authorities and their officials would suffer much rather than follow the Kentish lead. The ultimate salvation of road-users of all degrees can only arrive with the nationalisation of our roads, and their consistent administration by a central authority.

It is much to be regretted that many of our leading designers, while striving to perfect the modern motor-car in many details, are too often content to leave the steering-gear where it is. Having arrived at the worm and sector, which does extremely well until it wears, they make no effort to design some simple and ready method of adjustment. If one tests the steering of cars by putting pressure upon the steering-wheel, at least nine out of every ten cars encountered, provided they have been in use a while, will be found to exhibit more or less backlash, without any means for quickly and simply taking up this very undesirable slack. Surely it is not beyond the power of some of our best brains in the motoring industry to cope with



DRIVEN ON WATER BY A SCREW IN THE AIR: THE NEW LAMBERT HYDROPLANE, WHICH IS DRIVEN BY A SCREW WHICH REVOLVES IN THE AIR.

Photograph by Branger.

this difficulty and make the steering-gear of a car as readily adjustable as a hundred other parts. At present, backlash in the steering-gear is the order of the day.

Since the earliest days, the Guildford County Bench have extended but little mercy to motorists haled before them for infractions of the Motor Car Act. Rarely indeed has evidence for the defendant been allowed to prevail in his favour. The crude timing of the Surrey police and their cruder ideas of speed have been allowed to prevail over expert evidence of the best, and the sworn testimony of the most reputable people. I can recall a case in which this Bench refused the evidence of Mr. Rodakowski's speedometer, and the testimony of a well-known expert as to its accuracy, in favour of the opinion of an admittedly prejudiced police inspector. But now some glimmering of a change for the better appears to distinguish this luminous tribunal, for only a few days ago the evidence of Mr. S. F. Edge's "Elliot" speed-indicator was allowed to prevail in that astute gentleman's favour. Perhaps it was felt that even the Guildford Bench should not venture to impugn the accuracy of an "Elliot" speedometer.



A BEAUTIFUL TROPHY FOR COMPETITION BY MODEL CRAFT: THE BRANGER CUP FOR MODEL MOTOR-BOATS.

Photograph by Branger.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

JOCKEYS AS BAD TIPSTERS—ENTERPRISE—OUTSIDE BETTING.

IT is surprising what bad tipsters jockeys are, as a rule. I once remember talking to one old man who told me that if he had never followed his son's tips he would have been richer by many thousands. His son was a leading jockey, who could ride well, but was a bad vaticinator. I heard the other day a very funny story that will serve here. A manager of a big football club was having a Turkish-bath in London, when he met a well-known jockey, getting weight off. It was on the eve of a big race, and the jockey, asked what the footballers were to put their half-crowns on for the event in question, answered—"I think the race will be won by so-and-so. I have to ride a horse named —, but he's got no chance." Well, the poor footballers went a raker on so-and-so, only to find that the no-chancer had rolled home at a big price. Owners, too, are at fault at times in their opinion of their own horses. I met an owner this week, and reminded him of a little incident that happened eighteen years ago, when I was first introduced to him. He had bought a horse out of a certain Newmarket stable, but it had not been delivered, and went straight from the stable to meet an engagement that had been handed over to the new owner. I knew something about the animal, and had napped him to win with a penalty. Before the race, the new owner asked me what grounds I had for tipping the horse. I answered, "Because I know he will win, and you had better back him." He did, and the animal, starting at 7 to 1, ran a dead heat with a horse that had got off on his own. The stakes were divided, and the new owner was very well satisfied with his bargain.

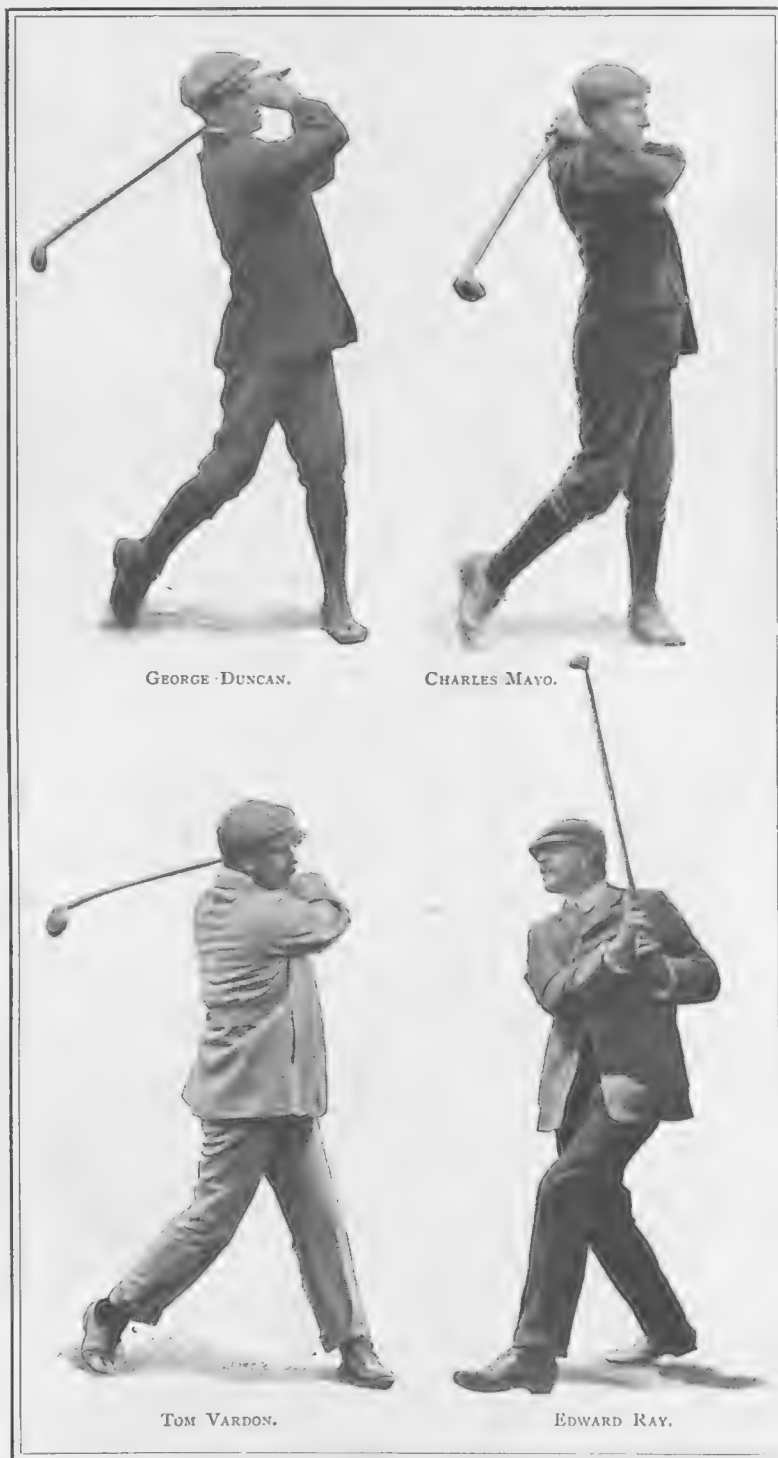
Clerks of courses are nowadays on the look-out for new wrinkles that will add to the comfort and convenience of their patrons. The colour scheme which was lately adopted at Lingfield, by which it was possible to tell in the paddock, by the colour on the armlet in which race a horse was engaged, was a big success, and worthy of being copied at other meetings. I have another scheme that I should like to see adopted at all the big meetings, and I am certain it would be much appreciated by all racegoers: I propose that a large board be erected on the opposite side of the course, and be known as the animals' board. This should be cut up into sections, one for each race, and as the horses arrived, their numbers should go up. If a horse were engaged in two races a distinctive number could be used. Further, I should like to see the

Jockey Club pass a law compelling all horses to go to the post after their numbers have appeared on the animals' board, except in case of accident, when the permission of the stewards should be obtained for the animals' withdrawal. It would, of course, require a fairly large board to perfect any scheme; but, in the case

of selling races, "all but" could be used—as it could, by-the-bye, in many of the big handicaps. To complete the scheme, all owners should declare in the early morning the numbers of all horses that they intend to start, and these should duly go to make the animals' board complete. So long as gate-money is charged to see the show, those who pay the piper should at least be allowed to know the names of the actors they are paying to see perform.

The Sandown Park management have decided to stop betting outside their enclosures; but I am afraid they will find it difficult to enforce the new rule on the occasion of their Bank Holiday meeting next August, and also on Eclipse Stakes day. This drastic rule is not likely to be taken lying down by the gallery public, who are in the habit of betting on the other side of the course at Epsom, and other free and open meetings; and I do think that on big occasions the rule might be relaxed in favour of the multitude. The little punter who goes racing on a Bank Holiday is not sufficiently endowed with this world's goods to enable him to pay racing fees for the sake of having a bet, and it is just on the cards that he may decide to stay away from the race-course altogether. As it is, the cheap rings are overfull at Bank Holiday meetings, and if betting is to be stopped on the course the management must be forced into supplying more accommodation in the half-crown enclosure, which will mean a heavy outlay. Further, the law of the land allows betting to take place on any race-course, or any land contiguous thereto, which almost goes to prove that at least our legislators consider that betting on any part of the course is to be looked for. Another thought arises. If you stop betting on the course, you may in time get rid of the fun of the fair, which, in my opinion, is a big feature of the Bank Holiday meeting. 'Arry generally takes 'Arriet with him on these days. Is his donah to be left out on the course while he goes in the ring to bet?

CAPTAIN COE.

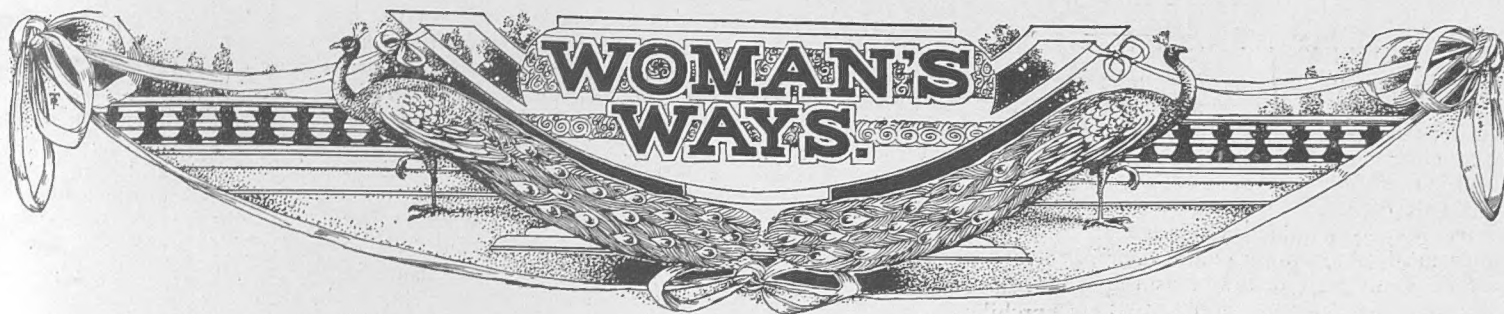


MEN WHO ARE LIKELY TO PROVIDE A REMARKABLE FOURSOME MATCH:
THE PROFESSIONAL PLAYERS IN THE £200 FOURSOME.

Tom Vardon and Edward Ray's challenge to the world to play any two professionals a 72-hole match for £100 a-side has been accepted by George Duncan, of Hanger Hill, and Charles Mayo, of Bur Hill. The result should be a match of exceptional interest.

Photographs by the Sports Company.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Woman's Back and the Emotions.

In Mr. Henry Baerlein's strange and fascinating novel "Yrivand," there is a discovery about the expression of the emotions which even Darwin forgot to record. It is to the effect that Woman chiefly uses her back to convey her sentiments. And indeed, any close observer

of the human comedy can hardly fail to notice that does a woman wish to annihilate a rival, or cast despair into the soul of a lover, she simply turns an expressive back upon them. No tears, no wrath, no indignation can vie with this manoeuvre, which has, too, the advantage, of being non-committal. For no one, in the current jargon, can "give herself away" with her back. The expression of the emotions by this part of the anatomy is dignified, if a trifle limited. When a woman cries, she is too apt to make a deplorable grimace.



[Copyright.]

A HAT OF CEDAR-GREEN BEAVER.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

Does she get angry, her face will assume an unbecoming red. Very few Anglo-Saxons understand the use of the gesture of the hands and arms. That is why Woman, with her primordial, instinctive wisdom, uses her back—especially when it is beautiful—as one of the chief weapons in the eternally diverting war of the sexes.

Messages from the Dead.

There is a simple and hedgerow explanation of the much-discussed messages from the dead. At the back of our sub-consciousness we all have packed away a miscellaneous collection of memories and facts. Place a few highly pitched and curious folk round a table in the dark, get up a lively magnetic current, and the person present who is the most interested in receiving a "message" will unconsciously tip the table as the letters of the alphabet are spelt out. This was abundantly demonstrated at two séances which have lately been held. No less a personage than Spinoza came at the call of a philosopher and savant; while a sprightly lady present was attended by the shades of deceased British cavalymen, all provided with neat and touching tributes to her charms. An American magnate got spiritual "tips" about terrestrial oil-wells, and the company parted in the best of spirits, for everyone had drawn on his sub-conscious egotism and received the message which he most desired to have.

The "House" of Mirth.

Three buildings in England have the distinguishing nickname of the "House"; namely, the Gothic pile at Westminster where so much unnecessary talk goes on; the stately college with the ugly dome known as Christ Church, Oxford; and last, but not least, the Stock Exchange in London. All three run each other hard in point of levity—and even, it is whispered, in respect to strong language among their inmates—but to the "House" in Throgmorton Street must be awarded the palm for gay insouciance and the kind of high spirits which does most bodily damage. "Ragging" at Christ Church is sporadic, but not endemic; I have not yet heard of

any serious injury inflicted by hon. members on each other, even in the Lobby; but in London's financial workshop there seems to be a sempiternal tendency to skylark with the audacity and irresponsibility of schoolboys. Thus, we hear of the more respectable and corpulent members being annoyed by young financiers organising Marathon races over the desks and chairs devoted to high questions of credit, of serious-minded men being knocked down in the course of bear-fights among the light-hearted, and of "tapes" being set fire to when business was slack or "members" had just lunched. Altogether, the Stock Exchange may well be described as the House of Mirth.

French Faces.

Mr. Frederick Wedmore is a premier authority on all things Gallic; and what he says on French faces in the current *Nineteenth Century* is extraordinarily true, and—need one say it in connection with this writer's work?—acutely observant. The physiognomies of the young Frenchmen and women with whom he sojourned in the Alps of Savoy this summer struck him as "new and unblemished, gay and fresh and good," so long as they were interested, active, on the alert. In passivity their expression had quite another cast. We have all seen it. Some of us deplore it—foreseeing the end of a great race. The more blatant Anglo-Saxon rejoices in the spectacle. For in the French face there is, as Mr. Wedmore says, "the suggestion of many Pasts—the Pasts of all their Race; careers and passions finished, and hopes dead. . . . the Romance of twenty generations of civilisation and of charm—of subtlety, of suffering, of disillusion, of resigned tenderness." This is so apparent to those who can see that some of us cannot envisage with equanimity, the pronounced pessimism, the haunting look of disillusion of a French baby in socks. More than once, in Paris, I have turned my eyes away from those of a little girl hugging a doll, for there was the *Weltschmerz* of two thousand years in her pale, sad blue eyes. And the wistful, alarmed expression of the small French boy is even more disquieting to those accustomed, like ourselves, to the gay irresponsibility, the roguishness, the *joie de vivre* of our own happier urchins. Maurice Maeterlinck once wrote a moving chapter on the weird fascination, the indescribable aura which surrounds the individual foredoomed to early death. A whole book might be devoted to the allurements of the decaying nations, the appealing charm of a dying race.



[Copyright.]

A DIRECTOIRE DRESS IN MOLE-GRAY AT ERNEST'S, 185, REGENT ST., W.

(See the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL showed herself capable of making a charming short speech last week, when she opened the Browning Settlement Bazaar. She has much in her favour—a delightful presence, a most musical voice, a refined and clear enunciation. She speaks quite naturally and sincerely, and is therefore sure of attention. I thought it rather invidious on the part of a man speaker to say that she had caught the happy infection of the golden tones and brilliant intellect of her husband. Her musical tones were always hers, and she belongs to a family as intellectually well endowed as the Churchills. There was a lack of woman's suffrage about that remark which suggested the owl's point of view. "How very like a man!" Women do not as a rule shine as orators, so when one does make a very good impression as a speaker it might be allowed that the achievement was her own.

The cold snap has given a decided fillip to preparations as to dress for the late autumn and winter. Many women have been busy over their hunting kits, which are now approaching completion since the season so soon begins. The Masters who have straight-riding wives are so numerous that there is a decided setting of fashion in the hunting field. Our traditions of riding dress are quite disregarded in the Row, but are strictly observed for hunting; therefore, the little changes are subtle, never ostentatious. The Countess of Lonsdale, wife of the Master of the Cottesmore, has always had a keen eye for neat dress in the saddle. She it was who designed the dark-grey mixture and pastel-blue facings worn by the ladies of the Quorn when Lord Lonsdale was Master of that hunt. Sir William Cooke, who succeeds Sir Hugo FitzHerbert in the Mastership of that part of Yorkshire where the hunt is called after the Master, has in his wife, Lady Mildred Cooke, sister of the Earl of Lonsborough, a good sportswoman not only in the saddle, but as a whip. Viscountess

Helmley, as wife of one of the joint Masters of the Craven, will make a capital appearance in the field. She is as bold a rider as is her mother, Lady Warwick, and dresses for hunting in accordance with British traditions. Lady Warwick for a season wore a "pink" riding-coat; but the idea—first, I believe, exploited by the widowed Countess of Cardigan—found no favour.

As late autumn and winter have now set in with much purpose, it is incumbent on our sex to prepare to look their best throughout these seasons. The renowned house of Peter Robinson, in Regent Street, have issued in book form a most useful guide to the latest styles in every department of our outfit, even to our umbrellas. Furs are very variously dealt with, and so are boas and pelerines of all kinds. Robes and gowns and tea-jackets, also millinery and children's clothes, are profusely illustrated, and everything is marked plainly with the price. The book, entitled "Nouveautés de l'Automne et d'Hiver 1908," is worth possessing.

Hunting circles, so far as the ladies of them are concerned, are agitated, now that the eve of the opening of the season is so nearly at hand, as to the best way to preserve their complexions, and to restore them after a day of dry, cold wind or pelting rain. A blend of Cyclax Salusta and Cyclax Sunburn lotion may be suggested. I know a woman who used it through the worst of last season, riding to hounds three days a week, and her skin was improved immensely. The beauty of the preparations of this company is

that they follow nature closely and scientifically. The outcome of close study and research on the part of a lady whose success as a complexion specialist was the theme of many of the most beautiful women in Great Britain, they are, through this enterprising company, at the disposal of the public. They are remedies striking at the root of all skin troubles, curing, not disguising them with make-up. Also they are protective on the most scientific and reliable basis. A number of ladies owe their beautiful complexions to the skilled lady to whom well-known dermatologists send their cases, and to her private recipes, now obtainable through the Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street, W. They are not extravagant, for the lady, when consulted, orders what is necessary, and no more. She wisely says that she would not enjoy her present success and popularity if she tried to make women spend money needlessly.

"Furs" is the title of a most delightfully illustrated brochure, published by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, and shows, on art paper in finest sepia reproduction of actual photographs, the many

magnificent and cosy garments in that splendid department of their magnificent establishment. The booklet is a charming one, and will be keenly appreciated by all who see it.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a Directoire dress in mole grey, at Ernest's, Regent Street, the long coat of silk trimmed with braid and thick pipings of the silk. The high collar is embroidered with silk, and the hat is of Ottoman silk trimmed with ostrich-plumes. There is also illustrated a hat of cedar-green beaver trimmed with a folded band of satin and a cluster of ostrich-plumes the same colour at the side.

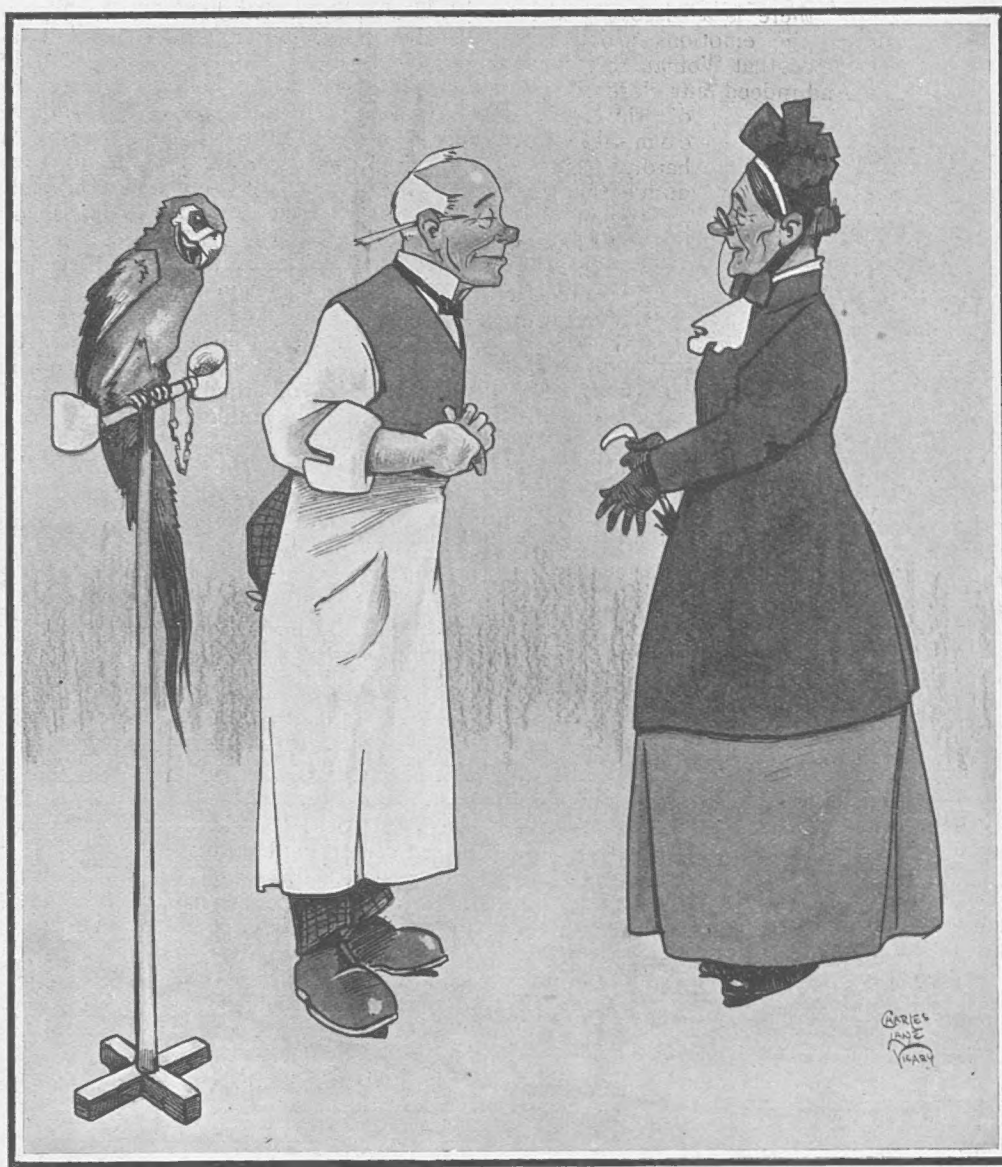
The autumn season being now in its stride, diamond and pearl ornaments are much in evidence. I saw some last week to match a Directoire dinner dress. Everyone was admiring them, and no one was at all surprised to learn that they were from the artistic Parisian Diamond Company, who are always in the van of fashion with the leading modistes.

Messrs. Elkington and Co., of 22,

Regent Street, S.W., are the makers of a charming souvenir spoon of the Franco-British Exhibition, which is on sale at various prices and in various styles. In sterling silver the larger spoons cost 7s. 6d. (and 8s. 6d. if gilt); in Elkington plate the same size costs 3s. (and 3s. 6d. if gilt). The smaller spoon, in sterling silver, sells for 5s. (and 6s. if gilt); in Elkington plate it sells for 2s. 6d. (and 3s. if gilt).

The Oxo Company have just acquired 1,300,000 acres of cattle farms in South Africa, which are now being developed to supply beef for Oxo, the famous national beverage. This huge territory is entirely in addition to the present Oxo farms in the Argentine, which also cover over 1,300,000 acres. The total size, therefore, of the Oxo cattle farms is now 2,600,000 acres, equivalent to 4000 square miles.

At the Y.M.C.A. headquarters the other night, Mr. Thomas Dixon, the well-known business and advertising expert, and founder of that flourishing institution, the Dixon Institute of Scientific Salesmanship, delivered the first of a series of lectures on salesmanship as a science. The lecturer was followed with close attention by a large audience. From the syllabus of the course of ten lectures which has been issued, it is evident that Mr. Dixon will deal very exhaustively with all the factors which bear upon salesmanship, and business men of all grades are likely to find them interesting and instructive.



[DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.]

THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

AUNT JANE: I suppose he doesn't swear?

THE SHOPKEEPER: No, Mum; I'm sorry 'e don't. But they're birds what's wonderful easy taught.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 11.

THE OUTLOOK.

ALTHOUGH the question of a Conference of the Powers on the Eastern question still remains unsettled, it is more evident every day that none of the great financial centres expects other than a peaceful settlement. Everywhere money continues cheap, and this is the best barometer we know of the general opinion of the Money Markets of the world on the question; but because the day and the hour of a big European conflagration have not struck, it by no means follows that we shall not have many unpleasant incidents before things settle down to the normal state of European unrest, and with every such incident the Stock Markets may be expected to shiver, while in the meantime the chances are against active business.

MEXICAN RAILS.

Profoundly disappointing is the only term which can be applied to the dividend declaration of the Mexican Railway Company. The distribution of $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the 6 per cent. Second Preference is in itself bad enough, but is worse still in its significant hint that the results for the present half-year may show more grievous reductions. What comfort or explanation may lie in the coming report, we, writing in advance of that document, cannot tell, but it seems to us that most interest will centre upon the forthcoming meeting of proprietors. That holders of the First Preference stock must face the prospect of a shortage in their full 8 per cent. dividend we regard as prudent and inevitable, and unless the Chairman at the meeting has special crumbs of consolation to throw his hearers, the immediate outlook for the Company is far from rosy. Time alone must now cure the troubles of the Mexican Railway, and disappointed as everyone is with the present position of affairs, the day is sure to come when fortune will again smile upon Mexico, and mend the sorrows of the Company's stockholders.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

They tell me that some firms in the House are doing an enormous business. One man whom I know says he has had the best account for years, and other people one hears about are busy as they can be. The majority of members, however, are just the reverse, and business has fallen off in an unpleasant way. Put it down to Bulgaria, the Money Market, Presidential Election—what you will; the fact remains that trade has received an unpleasant check at the very moment when we all hoped it was getting on to a footing more permanently good.

One would suppose that jobbers, if anybody, ought to be able to make money by seeing the trend of their market, and selling when sales were predominant, buying when there was obvious demand. But the jobber charged with this smiles sadly, in whatever market he may happen to be. He points out that, if he be a real jobber and not merely a turn-snatcher, he must go on buying stock when he doesn't want it, and sell it even though he may have none. In days of stress, for instance, he would frequently much rather close his book and decline to deal than stand in his place and have stock poured into him by every broker that comes along. The tide turns, but he is not allowed to keep for long the stock he has bought cheaply, because every broker is a purchaser. On balance, of course, he probably makes money; but it is not actual "jobbing" which determines a dealer's prosperity so much as the state of his "book"—whether, that is, the shares he has in hand are saleable at a profit, and the shares he has sold replaceable more cheaply—or the reverse of both these.

A dealer looked at his book, and ruminated thus: "Everything I buy goes down; everything I sell goes up. If only some of the adjectival things would move sideways it might give me a chance!"

Great Western and Brighton Deferred are being tipped by some people on the strength of the increases in traffic which both lines have secured. There is a bit of a bull account built up in consequence, and while an improvement in the prices is likely enough to take place eventually, as immediate speculations for the rise, I don't think either is of much use.

To attempt a prophecy of what will happen after the Presidential Election is waste of time. Mr. Taft is supposed to be saturated with Roosevelt principles, so if he gets in, the railroads and other Trusts will surely be as much exposed to Presidential attack as they were before. Mr. Bryan is known to be only a little more bitter than Theodore, so it seems likely that the Companies will get hit over the head, whichever candidate wins. Nevertheless, it is utterly unsafe to sell a bear of Yankees, unless the operator has plenty of money with which to "see the thing through." That he will ultimately come out on the right side there can be very little doubt, but it may mean time and money to see the speculation to a successful conclusion.

One of the few really active markets in the House is that for electric tramway, light and power issues in the Companies connected with what is called the Canadian-Mexican group. I don't know if anyone will remember how a good deal of attention was devoted here to these descriptions when they first began to engage much serious attention in the Stock Exchange. Since then, of course, prices have risen enormously. Mexico Tramways Common shares stand over 135, Sao Paulo Tramway Common at about 153, Canadian General Electric Companies at 113, Mexican Light and Power Preference at 114, and so on. The Companies are declared to be doing splendidly, but within the last week or two, dissension of a personal nature has arisen in the direction of some of the undertakings, and the inevitable fall therefore occurred. Whether the Common and Preference stocks are not as high as they ought to be or not under present conditions it is difficult to say, but in most of these Companies there are 5 per cent. Gold Bonds, ranging in price from 82½ to 100, which are not at all bad securities of their class. Perhaps a short table of what can be obtained will be of interest—

Five per Cent. Gold Bonds.	Price.	Interest Due.	Yield per Cent.
Electrical Dev. of Ontario	82½	March, Sept.	£6 1 3
Mexican Electric Light	87½	Jan., July	5 14 0
Mexican Light and Power	89	Feb., Aug.	5 12 4
Shawinigan 1st Mort.	104	Jan., July	4 16 1
Mexico Tramways	93½	March, Sept.	5 7 0
Rio de Janeiro Trams	91	Jan., July	5 10 0
Sao Paulo Trams 1st Mort.	100	June, Dec.	5 0 0

Chancing to be thrown into some connection with a new issue, in which I had the purely negative part of looking on, I was astounded at the quite open way

in which certain newspaper articles were bought and sold. The agent for the paper appeared: "If you do so-and-so, this is the article we shall print; if not, we use this one." There were the two laid down side by side, and you took your choice, if you paid your money. Not gutter rags, mind you. Papers which are supposed to be in the front rank, papers which denounce blackmailing with the utmost severity to which unctuous rectitude can go, and which prate of the purity of the Press as though they were its white-robed custodians. "This is the sort of thing we can do," one gentleman remarked blandly, handing in a clever, trenchant criticism of an issue which distinctly deserved it, but which said criticism should certainly never have been used as a subsequent weapon in the hands of a dirty blackmailer. Well, I suppose it is something to be thankful for that we have a few honest journals left, but the narrowness of the circle isn't a nice thing to dwell upon, either for you, fare thee well, dear Reader, or THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE GWALIA CONSOLIDATED.

The whole of the 200,000 new shares of this Mining Company, which were to be offered to the shareholders at 3s. 3d. a share, have been applied for, and, we hear, will be distributed among 1100 applicants. It will be remembered that a well-known firm of brokers agreed to take all the shares that the shareholders could not absorb, and we hear that they have only obtained 10 per cent. of the total number offered. The Company will now have about £32,000 of available capital, and a twenty-stamp mill with the latest and most complete cyanide plant paid for and erected, and should do well.

THE LANCEFIELD ISSUE, AND OTHER MATTERS.

The following Notes by "Q" will be of interest to our readers:

The *Industrial and General Trust Company* and the *Investment Trust Corporation* have declared interim dividends at the rates of 6 and 9 per cent. respectively—the same in both cases as last year. This, of course, was what was expected, but it is probable that in both cases the dividend for the whole year will show an increase: $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the case of the *Industrial and General*, and 10 per cent. for the year on *Investment Trust Corporation* Deferred stock may fairly be expected. This explains the considerable rise which has already taken place in these stocks, *Investment Trust Corporation* Deferred at 166 being some 15 points higher than when I last referred to it, but in both cases the rise is fully justified, and will continue.

The *Lancefield Gold-Mining Company* has so far been a grievous disappointment, all the more so, perhaps, because its failure has been due not to any mistake as to the great masses of gold-bearing ore in the mine, but to mistakes in its treatment. Shareholders, however, would be very unwise not to subscribe for the Preference shares which will shortly be offered to them at par, for unless the eminent firm of engineers who control the management of the mine are altogether mistaken, the difficulties are now at last in a fair way to being overcome. It may be taken now as proved that the mine contains an abundant supply of low-grade ore, including 121,000 tons of actual reserves of ore in sight, and also that the mill already erected can treat this ore to produce a profit of at least 6s. per ton. On the basis of the present mill that means a profit of £36,000 per annum. It is essential, however, before this profit can be earned, that the ore should be dried; and the reason why it has not been possible to earn a profit hitherto is that the ore has not been dried before going to the mill. The present issue of Preference shares is made for the purpose of supplying the machinery necessary for drying the ore. One hundred thousand Preference shares of 10s. each are to be created, of which 66,666 are to be offered *pro rata* to the shareholders, the subscribers receiving a call for twelve months on the remaining 33,334 shares. The Preference shares are to receive all the profits of the Company until they get 100 per cent., and a 20 per cent. preferential dividend afterwards. I think then that, notwithstanding past disappointments, all shareholders will be wise to take up their full allotment of Preference shares, and to pick up any offered in the market at a moderate premium.

Developments in the lowest level of the *Great Boulder Proprietary Mine* should be closely watched, for the level is now being driven below the part where the extraordinarily rich ore was encountered in the level above. Q.

Saturday, Oct. 24, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

FOOLISH.—We can add nothing to the statement of the Official Receiver made at the creditors' meeting on the 23rd inst.

SPECULATOR.—See the "House Haunter's" letter in this week's Notes.

BRIGG.—The shares of the Oilcloth Company do not seem to us attractive. Rosario Drainage Second Debentures or Entre Rios Preference shares are not bad lock-ups.

BANK ENQUIRY.—Both your banks appear to us very unattractive. One works in a country where it has yet to be proved that banking can be carried on at a profit, and which may be plunged into civil war at any time; and the other was started under bad auspices, and will take years to recover.

ANXIOUS.—If you got a shilling a share for your recovery. See this week's Notes as to the result of the issue and the prospects of the Company.

BUCKET SHOP.—The paper is a rag of the worst. Have nothing to do with the club. The working of the pari-mutuel betting machine would be illegal in this country.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Cambridgeshire may be won by Cocksure II. Other selections for the Newmarket Meeting are: New Nursery, Oakmere; Moulton Stakes, Buckwheat; Free Handicap, Llangwm; Houghton Handicap, Malise; Richmond Nursery, Sandbath; Ditch Mile Welter, Senseless; Dewhurst Plate, Bayardo; Jockey Club Cup, Radium; Criterion Nursery, Flying Fortune; Queensberry Handicap, Gold Sand; Houghton Stakes, Vigil. At Alexandra Park the following may go close: October Nursery, Arthur Playfair; Hornsey Handicap, Tozer; Islington Plate, Dafila; Southgate Welter, Sintram.

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PICTURES.

IT'S a far cry from St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, to British Honduras; but that prosperous British possession has every reason to be interested in the ceremony which took place there on the 8th of this month, and transformed the popular Governor of British Honduras into a Benedick. Brigadier-General Eric Swayne is not much over forty, but he has already had a very brilliant military career, and he probably knows as much about Somaliland as any officer living, for, after having seen a good deal of active service there, he became Commissioner and Consul-General for the Somali Coast Protectorate. He has been Governor of British Honduras for three years, and he is now taking back a charming bride to Government House. Mrs. Eric Swayne is the elder of the two daughters of Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich; her first husband, who died six years ago, was Major Edmund Peach.

Lord Inchiquin is blessed in the matter of sisters; they are all singularly smart and pretty, and those among them who are already wedded have made brilliant matches, one being Lady Hervey-Bathurst, while yet another is the wife of the famous Italian inventor, Chevalier Marconi. The Hon. Lilah O'Brien is the youngest but one of the seven popular sisters, and though she spends much of her life in England—for her mother is a sister of Lord Annaly, and so is, perhaps, more at home in London than in Dublin—she is fondly attached to Ireland, and is a thorough Irishwoman in her love of outdoor life and sport.

Literature and pictorial art are closely akin, and Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, who is so well known as a portrait-painter in England and America, has just published with Mr. Grant Richards his first book, "The Passer-By." Prince Pierre, like his brother, Prince Paul, the sculptor, has been devoted to art from childhood, but he was the first of the brothers to come to England, where he at once made many devoted friends, and had among his first sitters Mr. Gladstone, of whom he did a most striking impressionist sketch. Then he went to America, where he became unwittingly the man of the hour by his marriage to the beautiful novelist, Miss Amélie Rives, still best known by her first book, "The Quick or the Dead." Prince Pierre is a splendid figure of a man, a fine fencer, and devoted to every kind of outdoor game. Like most Russians, he is an excellent linguist, and he writes as well in English and French as he does the language of Tolstoy.

Captain W. G. Windham, who is going in for the *Daily Mail* prize of £500 offered to that plucky and lucky aeronaut who can first perform the feat of flying across the Channel, has already won many laurels on land and sea. In addition to the Victoria Cross,

he holds the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal for having saved the son of the American Ambassador in the Bosphorus at Constantinople, and he is among the most valued servants of that select service of which the members are known by the fine old title of "King's messenger." Captain Windham has always been enthusiastically interested in what probably will be the next of the great wonders, human flight. He founded the Aeroplane Club.

PARIS, LEICESTER SQUARE.

Although "A Day in Paris" does not make all the concessions to orthodox ballet that the Empire Theatre has accustomed us to expect, there can be no doubt but that it reflects the mood of the moment in happiest fashion. Colonel Newnham-Davis knows Paris intimately, he has given us the essence of its gaiety, and that gaiety seen in the changing aspects of an Empire ballet is very attractive indeed, and although the performance lasted for an hour and a half or more on the opening night, the applause at the end suggested that everybody was sorry to see the curtain fall. There is just sufficient plot to create and sustain an interest in the work of the leading players, and all the situations in the five scenes are handled in a light and merry fashion that is quite irresistible. The story can be told in a sentence. Mr. Smith, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, goes to Paris, and is piloted round the city by a Montmartre student, who has borrowed the coat and hat belonging to one of the representatives of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, and is pursued throughout the evening by the outraged proprietor of the uniform. This is all, but it is quite enough. Fred Farren, as the student, has a part that fits him like a glove. One of Mr. Smith's daughters is that charming little dancer Phyllis Bedells, who, in our opinion, has no equal among English dancers at present on the London stage; while Mrs. Smith is represented by Elise Clerc, one of the cleverest of the Empire's many clever mimes. Two scenes call for special praise—the third, which includes a spirited review of French troops, and the last, in which the famous Students' Ball, to which the Paris public are not admitted, is set in the Moulin Rouge. The new prima-ballerina, Lydia Kyaksh, is a pretty and accomplished dancer, for whom we are very grateful, since Adeline Genée is with us no longer. Her Russian dance in the last tableau is quite a legitimate novelty. A word of special praise is due to Miss Beatrice Collier, one of six sisters who have figured in the Empire corps-de-ballet from time to time. Her amazingly clever Apache dance with Mr. Fred Farren, in the fourth scene, roused the house to genuine enthusiasm, and was repeated despite the lateness of the hour. The music has been composed or arranged by Mr. Cuthbert Clarke; a part of the portion that he has arranged was quite pleasant to hear.

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